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FROM BEGINNING  
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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## LIFE'S KINDLY GHOSTS.

When we are old and time has served  
us ill:

Our house of life deserted by  
desire

And warmed no longer by the  
eager fire

That once blazed bright of purpose  
and of will;

Its shadow'd chambers desolate and  
still

That echoed then to sound of lute  
and lyre;

And pleasure now a guest whose  
visits tire

Charm he with ne'er such nimble wit  
and skill:

'Tis then there come the kind and  
gracious ghosts

Of dead delights and joys short-  
lived and sweet;

We sail afresh to dim enchanted  
coasts;

We share with love wide kingdoms of  
romance;

Fame's fairy piper lures our rest-  
less feet;

And youth's mad music sets our hearts  
a-dance.

*G. Duncan Grey.*

*The Outlook.*

THE WHITE FANE ON  
MONTMARTRE.

It rains; and Paris lies below  
Blue-grey and misty like the sea,  
Its houses are like waves that flow  
Against this rock eternally.

Slowly I climbed the weary stairs  
Which all those eager ones have  
trod,  
Who, burdened with their heavy pray-  
ers,  
Have brought them thus far up to  
God.

O City of undaunted souls!  
What means it that you builded  
high,  
To crown your spiritual goals,  
This strange white vision in the sky?  
Sometimes at noon, at dusk, at dawn

Down in the town, a gleam like  
wings

Lightens the north—and it is gone,  
Elusive as all lovely things.

Under this dome the dreams of youth  
Smile wanly from the shadows'  
blue;

Walking these aisles, unworldly Truth  
Plucks at your sleeve and startles  
you.

The votive candles here and there  
Are bright with meanings in this  
place,

For he who climbs to make his prayer  
Meets half-way the descending  
grace.

Watching the faces rapt and white  
Before these altars in the gloom,  
I catch that keen, immortal light  
That is man's safeguard through the  
tomb.

City of dreams, the heedless say  
You are a wanton—a gay troll.  
They have not stood like me to-day  
Upon a mountain with your soul!

*Elsa Barker.*

*The British Review.*

## THE ONE WISE MAN.

'Twas once a Faithful Fool to King  
and Court—

Object as well as maker of their  
sport—

So well had jested that in grateful  
mood

His sovereign swore to grant him  
what he would.

Then did the venturing manhood of  
his soul—

Breaking through all profession-taught  
control,

And lightening o'er his guarded, grin-  
ning face—

Give him a splendid moment's manly  
grace.

"Grant me, O King," he cried, "a little  
rest,

Lest even my soul become a mask  
and jest!"

*Jessie Annie Anderson.*

*The Academy.*

## A VISIT TO THE PANAMA CANAL

The Panama Canal will stand out as one of the most noteworthy contributions that the Teutonic race has made towards the material improvement of the world. So regarding it, Englishmen and Germans may take some pride to themselves from this great achievement of the Americans. The Teutonic race has its limitations. It is deficient in the gaiety of mind, the expansiveness of heart, which add so largely to human happiness. Its bent has lain in directions that are, superficially at all events, less attractive. But by its cult of cleanliness, self-control, and efficiency, it has given a new meaning to civilization; it has invented Puritanism, the gospel of the day's work, and the water-closet. These reflections may not seem very apposite to the subject of the Canal; but they will suggest themselves to one who arrives in Panama after travelling through the Latin States of South America.

It was, however, by some sacrifice of moral sense that the United States gained control of the isthmus. They offered a financial deal to the republic of Columbia: the terms were liberal, and the Columbian Government had in principle no objection to make money by the grant of a perpetual lease of so much land as was needed for the Canal. But it haggled unreasonably over the details, with the object of delaying business until the period of the French concession had expired, so that it might secure, not only its own share of the compensation, but the share that was to be paid to the French investors whose rights and achievements were taken over by the United States. A revolution occurred: the province of Panama declared its independence of Columbia, and at once completed the bargain. The revolution was so ex-

ceedingly opportune in the interests of the United States, and of the French concessionaires, that it is impossible not to suspect its instigation in these interests. Beyond a doubt the United States assisted the revolutionaries: they prevented the Columbian forces from attacking them. Panama was originally independent of Columbia, and had been badly treated by the Columbian Government, which, in its distant capital of Bogota, was out of touch with Panamanian interests, and returned to the province but a very small share of its taxes. But, however this may be, we may take it, without straining facts, that the United States, being unable to bring Columbia to terms, evicted her in favor of a more pliable authority. This is not in accord with Christian morality. Nor are political dealings generally. And, from a practical point of view, it was preposterous that the cupidity of some Columbian politicians should stand in the way of an improvement in geography. The agreement with the newly-born republic of Panama gave the United States a perpetual lease of a strip of land, ten miles broad, across the isthmus. This is styled the "Canal zone." The Latin towns of Panama and Colon fall within its limits. But they are expressly excluded from the United States' jurisdiction.

In substance the Canal works consist, firstly, of an enormous dam (at Gatun), which holds up the water of the river Chagres so as to flood a valley twenty-four miles long; secondly, of a channel—nine miles in length—the Culebra Cut—which carries the valley on through a range of low hills; and, thirdly, of a set of locks at each end of this stretch of water that are connected by comparatively short approaches with the sea. The surface of

the lake will be from 79 to 85 feet above sea-level, and vessels will be raised to this height and lowered again by passing through a flight of three locks upwards and another flight of three locks downwards. The passage of both flights of locks is not expected to occupy more than three hours, and ships should complete the transit of the isthmus—a distance of about fifty miles—within twelve hours at most. The design of the work offers nothing that is new in principle to engineering science. Dams, cuttings, and locks are familiar contrivances. But they are on an immensely larger scale than anything which has previously been attempted. The area of the lake of impounded water will be 164 square miles, and it has been doubted whether the damming of so large a mass of water, to a height of 85 feet, could safely be undertaken. But this portion of Central America is apparently not liable to earthquakes. And the dam is so large as to be a feature of the earth's surface. It is nearly half a mile broad across its base, so that although its crest is 105 feet above sea-level its slope is not very perceptible. Its core is formed of a mixture of sand and clay, poured in from above by hydraulic processes. This has set hard, and is believed to be quite impervious to water at a much higher pressure than that to which it will be subjected. In the centre of the river valley—a mile and a half broad—across which the dam has been flung, there very fortunately arose a low rocky hill. This is included in the dam, and across its summit has been constructed the escape or spill-way. During seasons of heavy rain the surplus discharge of river water will be very heavy, and a cataract will pour over the spill-way. But it will rush across a bed of rock, and will be unable to erode its channel. And it will be employed to gen-

erate electrical power which will open and shut the lock-gates and generally operate the Canal machinery. The river Chagres will energize the Canal as well as fill it.

The locks are gigantic constructions of concrete. Standing within them one is impressed as by the mass of the Pyramids. The gates are hollow structures of steel, seven feet thick. Their lower portions are water-tight, so that their buoyancy in the water will relieve the stress upon the bearings which hinge them to the lock-wall. Along the top of each lock-wall there runs an electric railway; four small electric locomotives will be coupled to a vessel as it enters the lock approach, and will tow it to its place. The vessel will not use its own steam. This will lessen the risk of its getting out of hand and ramming the lock-gate, an accident which has occurred on the big locks that connect Lake Superior with Lake Huron. So catastrophic would be such a mishap, releasing as it might this immense accumulation of water, that it seemed desirable at whatever expense to provide additional safeguards against it. There are in the first place cross-chains, tightening under pressure, which may be drawn across the bows of a ship that threatens to become unmanageable. Secondly, the lock-gates are doubled at the entrance to all the locks, and at the lower end of the upper lock in each flight. And, thirdly, each flight of locks can be cut off from the lake by an "emergency dam" of peculiar construction. It is essentially a skeleton gate, which ordinarily lies uplifted along the top of the lock-wall, but can be swung across, lowered, and gradually closed against the water by letting down panels. In its ordinary position it lies high above the masonry—conspicuous from some distance out at sea as a large cantilever bridge, swung in air.



Peculiar difficulties have been encountered in establishing the foundations of the locks. The lowest of each flight are planted in deep morasses, and could only be settled by removing vast masses of estuary slime to a depth of 80 feet below sea-level. The sea was cut off and a dredger introduced, which gradually cleared its way down to the bottom rock. But the troubles which the American engineers will remember are those which have presented themselves in the Culebra cutting. The channel is nine miles long. Its average depth is between 100 and 200 feet, but at one point it reaches 490 feet. The formation of the ground varies extraordinarily. At some points it is rock; at others rock gives place to contorted layers of brilliantly colored earth which is almost as restless as quicksand. Unfortunately, it is at places where the cutting is deepest that its banks are most unstable. The sides of the lowest 40 feet of the excavation—the actual water channel—are cut vertically and not to a slope: in a firm formation this reduces the amount of excavation, but in loose material it must apparently have increased the risk of slides. But, however this may be, slips on a gigantic scale were inevitable. The cutting is an endeavor to form precipitous slopes of crumbling material under a tropical rainfall: it may be likened to moulding in brown sugar under the nose of a watering-pot. The banks have been in a state of constant movement, and are broken up into irregular shelves and chasms, so that at some points the channel resembles a natural ravine rather than an artificial cutting. The excavation is practically completed to bed-level; but even now from time to time the passage is blocked by falling masses. One slip covers an area of forty-seven acres, and slide debris has added quite a quarter to the amount of material

which it has been necessary to remove. Some authorities hope for improvement when water is admitted: the pressure of the water may consolidate the banks. Others, less optimistic, fear such a result as of pouring hot water on to raspberry jam. One thing is certain,—that for some years to come the channel will only be kept open by constant assiduous dredging. But it is, of course, easier to dredge out of water than to excavate in the dry. The material excavated from the Culebra channel will aggregate nearly 100 million cubic yards. Some of it has been utilized in reclaiming land; much has been carried out to sea and heaped into a breakwater three miles long, which runs out from the Panama or southern end of the Canal, and will check a coast-waves current that might, if uncontrolled, silt up the approach.

The Canal is a triumph, not of man's hands, but of machinery. Regiments of steam shovels attack the banks, exhibiting a grotesque appearance of animal intelligence in their behavior. An iron grabber is lowered by a crane, it pauses as if to examine the ground before it in search of a good bite, opens a pair of enormous jaws, takes a grab, and, swinging round, empties its mouthful on to a railway truck. The material is loosened for the shovels by blasts of dynamite, and all the day through the air is shaken by explosions. Alongside each row of shovels stands a train in waiting; over a hundred and fifty trains run seawards each day loaded with spoil. The bed of the Canal is ribboned with railway tracks, which are shifted as required by special track-lifting machines. The masonry work of the locks is laid without hands. High latticed towers—grinding mills and cranes combined—overhang the wall that is being built up. They take up stone and cement by the truck-load, mix them and grind them—in fact, di-

gest them—and, swinging the concrete out in cages, gently and accurately deposit it between the moulding boards. How sharp is the contrast between this elaborate steam machinery and the hand-labor of the *fellahs* who patiently dug out the Suez Canal! But there are, so to speak, edges to be trimmed: this mass of machinery is to be guided and controlled, and there is work to employ a staff of over 30,000 men. Some 4,000 of them are Americans, who form a superior service, styled "gold employés" in order to avoid racial implications. Their salaries are calculated in American dollars. The remainder, classed as "silver employés," are paid in Panama dollars, the value of which is half that of the American. Two series of coins are current, one being double the value of the other; and, since the corresponding coins of the two series are of about the same size, newcomers are harassed by constant suspicions of their small change. The "silver employés" number about 26,000. Some of them are immigrants from Europe—mostly from Italy and the north of Spain—but the great majority are negroes, British subjects from Jamaica and Trinidad. It was foreseen that if negroes from the Southern States were employed, the high wages rates might unsettle the American cotton labor market: so it was decided to recruit from British colonies, and it is not too much to say that, so far as the Canal is hand-made, it is mainly the work of British labor. Several hundreds of Hindus have found their way here; they are chiefly employed upon the fortifications, because, it is said, they are unlikely to talk about them. These British colored laborers, with their families, constitute the bulk of the population of the Canal zone: the town of Panama swarms with them, and one sees few of any other class in the streets of Colon. The American engineers have thus been

working with a staff that can claim the protection of the British Minister; and it is pleasing to an Englishman to hear on every side the heartiest tributes to the energy, tact, and good sense of England's representative, Sir Claude Mallet. At the outset the negro laborers were exceedingly suspicious of the American authorities, and were ready to strike on the smallest provocation: they have refused to take their rations until Sir Claude has tasted them. He possesses the complete confidence of the British labor force, and indeed the Hindu immigrants, who deposit money at the Consulate, will hardly wait to obtain receipts for it.

Speaking of rations, it may be mentioned that the Canal authorities undertake to feed all their employés, and a large commissariat establishment, including extensive cold-storage depots at Colon, is one of the most prominent features of their administration. Every morning a heavy trainload of provisions leaves Colon, dropping its freight as it passes the various labor settlements. In numerous eating-houses meals are provided at very moderate charges, and at Panama and Colon large up-to-date hotels are maintained by the American Government. These are used very extensively by the Canal staff, and give periodic dances which are crowded with young people. The vagaries of the one-step are sternly barred by a Puritan committee, and, to one who expects surprises, the style of dancing is disappointingly monotonous. But these hotels are also of great use in conciliating the American taxpayers. Tourists come by thousands, and elaborate arrangements are made for their education by special sight-seeing trains, by appreciative guides, and by courses of lectures. The Canal staff is also housed by the State—in wooden structures, built upon piles, and protected by mosquito-proof wire screening. The accommodation for bache-

lors is somewhat meagre; but married couples are treated very liberally, and their quarters are brightened by pretty little gardens. The rates of pay are high, and there are numerous concessions which to one of Indian experience appear exceedingly generous. But the expenditure throughout is on a lavish scale: the Canal will not cost much less than eighty million pounds. The money that is drawn from the American taxpayers is, however, for the most part returned to them. Practically the whole of the machinery is of American manufacture; the food is American; the stores that are sold in the shops are mainly American; and the only money that is lost to the States is that which is saved by the foreign laborers. Very few of these have any intention of remaining under the American flag, or will, indeed, be permitted to remain. Residence within the Canal zone, apart from the towns of Panama and Colon, is only to be permitted to the permanent working staff of the Canal and to the military force in occupation. It should be added that the salaries of the American "gold employ  s," liberal though they may appear, do not tempt them to remain in service. One is astonished to learn that nearly half the American staff changes annually: young men come to acquire a little experience and save a little money, which may help them to a start in their own country. Service on the Canal works leads to no pension; and the medal which is to be granted to all who remain two years in employ is but moderately attractive to men whose objects are severely practical. The chief controlling authorities are all in the military service of the State.

In the Northern States of America the British love of cleanliness has become a gospel of life, and the sanitation of the Canal zone is a model of scientific and successful thoroughness.

To India it is also a model of hopeless generosity, nearly three million pounds having been spent in improving the health conditions of this small area. The agreement which reserves the towns of Panama and Colon to the administration of the republic of Panama provides for American interference in matters that may concern general health, and the Canal authorities have taken the fullest advantage of this provision. The streets of both towns have been paved; insanitary dwellings have been ruthlessly demolished; waterworks have been provided by loans of American money, the water rate being collected by American officials. The meanest house is equipped with a water-closet and a shower-bath. Panama and Colon are now models of cleanliness, and from their appearance might belong to a North American State. Efficiency is the watchword, and in cleansing these towns the American health officers have not troubled themselves with the compromises which would temper the despotism of British officials. Americans can hardly be imagined as stretching their consciences by such a concession as that, for instance, which in British India exempts gentlemen of position from appearance in the civil courts. Efficiency is not popular with those who do not practise it, and the Latin races of Southern and Central America have no love for their northern neighbors. The Americans, like the Germans, would increase their popularity did they appreciate the value of personal geniality in smoothing government. Within the Canal zone the jungle has been cut back from the proximity of dwelling-houses; surface water, whether stagnant or running, is regularly sterilized by doses of larvicide; all inhabited buildings are protected by mosquito-proof screening, and, in some places, a mosquito-catching staff is maintained. At

the time of my visit not a mosquito was to be seen; but this was during the season of dry heat, when in India mosquitoes cause little annoyance. During the rainy months they are, it seems, still far from uncommon; and the latest sanitary rules emphasize the importance of systematically catching mosquitoes that are not hindered by the wire veranda screens from finding their way into houses. Medical experience has shown that if houses are kept clear of mosquitoes in this fashion there is very little fever even in places where the water pools and channels are left unsterilized. Wire screening, supplemented by a butterfly net, is the great preventive. But we cannot attain the good without an admixture of evil: behind the wire screening the indoor atmosphere becomes very oppressive. Yellow fever, the scourge of the isthmus in former days, has been completely eradicated. Admissions to hospital for malarial fever amount, it must be confessed, to several thousands a year. But, judging from the terrible experiences of the French Company, were it not for these precautions fever would incapacitate for long periods the whole of the staff.

The hospital, a heritage from the French, is a village of wooden buildings set upon a hill overlooking the Gulf of Panama, in the midst of a charming study in tropical gardening. It is managed with an energy which explores to the uttermost the medical experiences of other tropical countries, and is not afraid of improving upon time-honored methods. The daily dose of quinine is seldom less than forty-five grains, and patients are not allowed to leave their beds until their temperature has remained normal for five days at least. Complaints of deafness are disregarded; if the patient turns of a blue color he may be consoled by a dose of Epsom salts. It is

claimed that by this drastic treatment the relapses are prevented which, in India and elsewhere, probably account for at least nine attacks out of ten. But it is difficult to believe that, if these enormous doses of quinine could be safely employed in India, British doctors would not have made the discovery. The conditions of Panama are not, of course, precisely those of India. One soon realizes this when noticing with amazement that not a single person protects his head with a sun-hat. It may well be that the general health would be better did men expose themselves less recklessly to a tropical sun. But cases of sunstroke are exceedingly rare. The hospital is, however, almost a place of general resort: about half of the employés come under the doctor's hands for some period or other each year. Men are encouraged to put themselves to bed for quite small ailments; indeed, there is a general permission to take annually a fortnight's "rest-cure" in hospital. We may imagine with amusement the feelings of a chief engineer in India if a subordinate asked leave to treat himself so carefully.

Democracies are not always fortunate in the selection of their executives. But Mr. Roosevelt's Government was gifted with the wit to find, in the United States Army, men who could carry out this big work, and with the good sense to employ them. So much is told of the commanding influence of Colonel Goethals, the chief in command; of the administrative talents of Colonel Gorgas, the head of the sanitary department; of the engineering skill of Colonel Sibert, the protagonist of the Gatun dam, that an Englishman must wish to claim kinship with these American officers who are making so large a mark upon the surface of the earth. Devotion to the great work in hand has exorcised meaner feelings, and you will hear



little of the "boost" which we are tempted to associate with the other side of the Atlantic. I asked Colonel Sibert whether his initial calculations had needed much correction as the operation developed. "Our guesses," he replied, "have been remarkably fortunate." The medical staff relate with delight how a British doctor, sent by the Indian Government to study their methods, being left to himself for half an hour, succeeded in catching quite a number of mosquitoes of a very noxious kind within the mosquito-proof precincts of a hospital ward.

And what of our difference with the Americans over the question of the Canal dues? We must remember, firstly, that our agreements with the United States referred to the Nicaragua, not to the Panama route. At that time the Nicaragua route was in favor, and our local interests on the coast enabled us to bargain that the American canal should be open indifferently to all the vessels of the world. The terms of the agreement referred generally to a trans-isthmian canal, and, strictly construed, apply to the Canal at Panama. But we possessed no interests in Panama; and, had Nicaragua not been in question, should have had no grounds for making any stipulation whatever. In the second place, from the practical point of view we cannot feel surprised that the Americans, having made the Canal, should desire to secure some benefit of their own from it. We hold that a chivalrous respect should be paid to the letter of an agreement. But across the Atlantic there is undoubtedly a tendency to confuse chivalry with quixotism: the Americans accuse us of playing to lose, whereas with them a game is for winning—somehow or other. But there are not a few to whom this comparison is exceedingly distasteful, who would resent the idea that Americans are less scrupulous than Englishmen. Their

views appear to be gaining ground; and we may, not improbably, find that in the end the United States Government submits itself to the letter of its promise.

Eighteen months have still to pass before the Canal is officially due for opening. But it seems probable that a vessel may be passed through it as soon as this summer's rain has filled the reservoir.

New York is now divided from San Francisco by 13,135 miles of sea travel. The Canal will reduce this distance by 7,873 miles, and will bring New York 6,250 miles nearer Callao and 3,747 miles nearer Valparaiso. The Pacific Ocean includes so large an extent of the curvature of the earth that the effect of the Canal in developing trade routes with Asia will depend very greatly upon their direction across it. Vessels from New York which, after passing the Canal, trend northwards or southwards upon the great circle, will find that the Panama route will be much shorter than that *via* Suez; they will save 3,281 miles on the distance to Yokohama and 2,822 miles on the distance to Melbourne. But if their course lies along the equator the Panama Canal will not curtail their journey very materially. It is surprising to find that Manila will be only forty-one miles nearer New York *via* Panama than it is *via* Suez, and the saving on a journey to Hong Kong will be no more than 245 miles. In trading with Peru, Chile, Australia, North China, and Japan, the merchants of New York will gain very materially by the opening of the Canal. They will gain, moreover, by the withdrawal of the advantage which English merchants now enjoy in trading with New Zealand, Australia, North China, and Japan *via* the Suez Canal. At present London is nearer to these places than New York is by 1,000 miles or more. The Canal will not only



withdraw this advantage: it will give New York a positive advantage in distance of 2,000 to 3,000 miles. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the Canal would ever have been constructed in the sole interests of commerce. Its chief value to the United States is strategical; it will mobilize their fleet and enable them to concentrate it upon either their eastern or their western coastline.

The Canal will primarily be an instrument against war; but like  
The Nineteenth Century and After.

much else in this world it will incidentally bestow multifarious advantages. The importance of fortifying it is manifest. It would appear that the locks at either end are open to naval bombardment; indeed, those at Gatun are clearly visible from the sea. Fortifications are being constructed at both entrances, and it is probable that the Canal zone will be garrisoned by a force of 25,000 men. World enterprises involve world responsibilities.

Bampfylde Fuller.

## THE CHINESE REPUBLIC.\*

General satisfaction has hailed Mr. Acland's statement that Great Britain, in union with the rest of the Powers, has no wish to delay the recognition of the new Government of China. Nor is this surprising, for the Republic has not only replaced one of the worst Governments in the world, but it has shown an encouraging desire for reform and progress on Western lines. Its zeal for Representative Government, its professed intention of adopting the best of Western customs and institutions, and, most of all, its petition for the prayers of the Christian Churches, have gained it the sincere sympathy of the British people.

A knowledge of the previous history of a country and of its leading statesmen is indispensable to forming a true estimate of a great political crisis, and in the present instance this is admirably given in Mr. Bland's *Recent Events and Present Policies in China*.

To begin with the author lays stress on one fundamental fact. This is that throughout the course of Chinese his-

tory "the movement of large masses of the people in arms against constituted authority has always synchronized with a period in which, as the direct result of prolonged peace and prosperity, the problem of population versus good supply had become acute." From the death of K'ang Hsi in 1680, the population steadily increased, until in 1842 it had risen to 431 millions. The wastage and slaughter of the Taiping rebellion have been computed at close on a hundred millions, and through the famines and floods of the following years the whole population of the country was reduced to 261 millions. Now the figure stands at 330 millions, and is rapidly growing. The principal cause of this astounding increase is the philosophy of Mencius which teaches that *the first duty which man owes to Heaven and to his ancestors is to have posterity*. As Mr. Bland says:

A nation which unanimously acts on this belief inevitably condemns vast masses of its people to the lowest depths of poverty, and condemns the body politic to regularly recurring cataclysms . . . (Moreover) the traditions of the race have decreed, with the force of a religion, that it is the duty of every man to sacrifice at stated intervals at his ancestral tombs,

\* "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." By J. O. P. Bland. London: Wm. Heinemann, 1912.

"Empires of the Far East." By Lancelot Lawton. London: Grant Richards, 1912.

"A Wayfarer in China." By Elizabeth Kendall. London: Constable, 1913.

and to be buried in due season with his fathers. Thus the great bulk of the population have for centuries been rigidly localized, and the people . . . have been deprived of the outlets which general emigration and territorial expansion northwards might otherwise have provided.

Nowhere in China is the overcrowding more terrible than in and around Canton, and as the inhabitants of the mountainous seaboard provinces of the south-east are far more daring and adventurous than those of the alluvial plains of the centre and north, it is not surprising that the first signs of disorder have almost invariably shown themselves in that region. The seat of the central government being at Peking, there has thus been constantly recurring strife between South and North.

Yüan Shih-k'ai was long known as the friend of the South, and so late as 1909, the men of those parts were furious at his banishment. He is a Chinese, educated in China, but he has always had the reputation of being enlightened and progressive, and he is on the most friendly terms with the Foreign Powers. He started his career as the protégé of Li Hung-chang, and the patronage of the great Viceroy gained him rapid promotion. Nevertheless he was accused by many of having brought about the disastrous war with Japan of 1894, by his arbitrary conduct of affairs as Imperial Resident in Korea, and there seems to be little doubt that his reports and advice from Seoul precipitated, if they did not cause, the crisis. Readers of Messrs. Bland and Backhouse's book, *China under the Empress Dowager*, will remember the part that he played in the ill-starred attempt of the Emperor Kuang Hsi to introduce an era of reform. Yüan was summoned to Court and informed of the Emperor's intentions. When asked whether he would be loyal to his sovereign if placed in command of a

large body of troops, he answered "your servant will endeavor to recompense the Imperial favor even though his merit be only as a drop of water in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert; he will faithfully perform the service of a dog or a horse, while there remains breath in his body." The Emperor straightway wrote a decree placing him "in special charge of the business of army reform," but Yüan on leaving the Benevolent Old Age Palace Hall went direct to the apartments of the Dowager Empress and repeated the conversation to her. On the morning of the day fixed for the *coup d'état* he had a final audience, and was given command of the troops who were to put Jung Lu to death, and seize the person of T'ü Hsi. As before, he told the plan to Jung Lu, who at once handed it on to his Imperial mistress.

To the end of his life Kuang Hsi blamed Yüan Shih-k'ai, and him alone, for having betrayed him. . . . Of Jung Lu he said that it was but natural that he should consider first his duty to the Empress Dowager and seek to warn her; and, after all, as he had planned Jung Lu's death, he could hardly expect from him either devotion or loyalty. The old Buddha's resentment was also natural; he had plotted against her and failed. But Yüan Shih-k'ai had sworn loyalty and obedience. . . . [The night before the unfortunate Kuang Hsi died], he wrote out his last testament in a hand almost illegible, prefacing the same with these significant words: "We were the second son of Prince Ch'un when the Empress Dowager selected us for the Throne. She has always hated us, but for Our misery of the past ten years Yüan Shih-k'ai is responsible and one other. . . . When the time comes I desire that Yüan be summarily beheaded."

As the favorite minister of the Dowager Empress, Yüan did his best to dissuade her from her insensate encouragement of the Boxers, and he was her

principal helper in the carrying out of the reforms which she was herself obliged to concede after that time of disaster. The abolition of the old system of classical examinations, the introduction of Western learning, and the reorganization of the army were mainly his work. He was the first man to create a Chinese army efficient in the modern sense of the word, and it is to his popularity with the soldiers that he has owed, and still does owe, his principal strength. With the death of Tzu Hsi his power came to an end, but when the Royal Family found itself threatened by the Revolution, it had no choice but to kow-tow to the man whom it had banished two years before. Yüan was recalled and made Prime Minister and practically Dictator. He fought hard to save the Manchu dynasty, and had he possessed sufficient funds, or received the support that he expected from the Great Powers, it is possible that he would have succeeded.

But his attempt failed, and then a curious position arose. The contending parties were not animated by the violent antagonism that is usual in a civil war. Each merely wished the other to accede to its own views for the government of the whole country. Hence, although Yüan Shih-k'ai was the leader of the Royalists, it was early recognized that even if a Republican Government were set up he would have to be given some share in it. Some accounts state that it was Yüan himself who suggested that he should give his consent to the abolition of the Monarchy, on the condition that within forty-eight hours of the abdication of P'u Yi, the Republican Government should dissolve, and he himself should form a Provisional Government at Peking, and when the edicts of abdication were published they did indeed confer this power on the Premier. Truly a strange state of affairs that

the dethroned monarch should appoint the first President! The Republicans were naturally suspicious, but they had to acquiesce because they were in such a state of hopeless confusion themselves, and it was generally felt that Yüan Shih-k'ai was the only man who would be capable of handling the situation. Yüan sent a dispatch to the acting President beginning "A Republic is the best form of Government, all the world admits it," and Sun Yat Sen resigned in his favor.

In spite of his past record, Mr. Bland considers the ex-Royalist leader to have striven loyally to secure what he believes really to be best for China—a Limited Monarchy, and Mr. Lawton, although he says in his careful account of the Revolution that Yüan definitely asked for the Presidency, is sweeping in his praises. Both writers hold that he submitted to *force majeure*, and, so as to save his country from anarchy, consented at the cost of being looked upon as a renegade, to serve under the Republic in which he does not believe. Mr. Bland says:

It is significant of the deep distrust that underlies the relations of all classes of Chinese officials, that it should have been frequently asserted and believed in China that Yüan was privy to T'ang Shao-yl's defection from the Imperialist cause, and that his own acceptance of the Premiership at the hands of the Regent was part of a deep laid plot for the betrayal of the Manchus. It is impossible to entertain the suggestion of such treachery: on the contrary, everything in his attitude and actions confirms the opinion that throughout the crisis he pursued a consistent and statesmanlike course, sincerely anxious for the ultimate good of his country. In consenting to take service under the Republic he could not hope to escape the charge of inconsistency: but here again, everything points to patriotism, rather than to the gratification of personal ambitions. In professing, as he

has done, sincere belief in the Republican form of government, he has undoubtedly followed the traditional lines of Oriental statecraft, instinct with opportunism and guile.

Possibly. But it is difficult to see what are the objections to the opposite view—that Yüan is a self-seeker first and a patriot afterwards. If his position, as President of the Republic, is "one of greater difficulty and danger than under the Monarchy," this does but confirm it, for he tried his hardest to preserve the latter until he saw that the Monarchy was doomed, whereupon he accepted (if he did not ask for) the Presidency, which must certainly "gratify his personal ambitions" more highly than the position of adherent of a fallen House. Besides, if he has always had the patriotic desire for his country's reform with which he is nowadays credited, why did he betray his Emperor in 1898? Kuang Hsü's schemes were not reckless and impossible, for almost every one of them was adopted later by Tzû Hsi and Yüan Shih-k'ai themselves. The reason can only have been that the Minister thought it safer to side with the formidable Empress than with her untitled nephew. In his present book, Mr. Bland does not once refer to this disgraceful treachery, and Mr. Lawton does not seem to have heard of it, for he pities Yüan deeply for having had his services to the Empire rewarded by being cashiered by the Regent (Kuang Hsü's brother), immediately on the death of Tzû Hsi. The English Press displays the same lapse of memory. *The Times* hails Yüan Shih-k'ai as a disinterested patriot, and insists on how Young China cannot forget that after the Dowager Empress' resumption of power it was he more than any other who "consistently advocated the introduction of modern methods of education and administration," etc., etc., but of his action in the coup

*d'état* itself, there is not a word. Perhaps Young China's memory is slightly longer.

In fact, in his own country, Yüan has never been trusted. He is a Mazarin rather than a Richelieu, and his successes have been gained not by force so much as by intrigue. During Kuang Hsü's lifetime he was already accused of conspiring for the Throne, for among the complimentary scrolls hanging on his walls on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, was one which read "May the Emperor live ten thousand years! May your excellency live ten thousand years!" The words *wan sui*, meaning "ten thousand years," are not applicable to any but the Sovereign, so the inner meaning of the greeting was obvious.

At the present day there are many men who fear the same thing. The Kuo Min-t'ang (or Nationalist Party) are uneasy at the President's autocratic rule. They were indignant at his execution of Generals Chang Chen-wu and Fang Wei, and now they are convinced that he was responsible for the murder in last April of their Shanghai leader, Sung Chiao-jen.

Their feeling may be gauged by their bitter opposition to the Five Power Loan. The weak spot in Yüan's position has hitherto been lack of funds, and for a long time he tried—as Chinese rulers have ever done—to obtain these without giving any guarantee as to how they should be spent. While negotiating with the Five Power group he made back-door agreements such as the Birch Crisp Loan, and the curious transaction which has just come to light with the German firm of Karberg. But when his position became so critical that money was absolutely necessary to him, he made the best of a bad job and consented to the appointment of the Advisers that the Powers demanded. He abandoned at the same time his attempt to obtain



the money constitutionally, and forced his Finance Minister to sign the Loan without waiting for the consent of Parliament. Actually, when the House of Representatives met it passed a resolution against the fulfilling of the agreement. This has enabled the Nationalists to take up high constitutional ground, but it has been pointed out that this is not worth much, as China does not yet possess a Constitution, and the present Parliament would probably find it difficult to prove its own right to existence.

Of course, the real objection of the Kuo Min-t'ang is not due to their regard for constitutional propriety, but to the fact that they know well that the President means to use the money so as to strengthen his own power and enable him to crush their opposition. Sun Yat Sen sent through his friend Dr. Cantile an urgent appeal to the foreign Banks not to supply the Government with money which would be used against the people in the interests of despotism. He declared that the South would insist upon Yüan's retirement even at the cost of civil war. But Dr. Sun has said many sensational things in the past two years and he is constantly shifting his ground. Of much greater significance is the compromise suggested by the more responsible members of the Kuo Min-t'ang that the President should be confirmed in office for five years, but that he should undertake not to consent to re-election under any conditions. They could not have expressed their feelings more clearly. They are ready to support Yüan Shih-k'ai in his attempt to restore order, because they know that he is the only man who has any chance of succeeding. But they wish to guard, in so far as they can, against the continuance in power of a man whose aims they so deeply distrust.

There would be no reason for surprise if Yüan were to consent to these

terms. He is a true Oriental and is liberal with his promises. In a manifesto published about the same time he told the "plotters"—that is to say the followers of Sun Yat Sen—in the plainest of language that he was not going to allow them to stir up trouble during his tenure of power, but he concluded with a reference to the coming Presidential election, after which he piously hoped that he might be relieved of the cares of office. More lately still it was reported that he had agreed to the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to supervise the expenditure of the money raised by the Loan. But even should this be true he knows, of course, that a committee sitting at Peking will easily be "influenced" in any direction that he may wish. At any rate if he is allowed to consolidate his power by five years' rule, it is certain that he will not then relinquish it except of his own free will.

Time will show. Of Yüan Shih-k'ai's ability there can be no question; the testimony of his enemies is even stronger than that of his friends. He is only fifty-four years of age, and if he intends to make himself Emperor he is not likely to fail.

His greatest danger will be that of assassination. The President is not protected by the semi-divine character of the Son of Heaven, nor will his modern democratic rôle allow him to live in the same deep and carefully guarded seclusion. The Southern extremists tried a year ago to blow him up with a bomb, and this spring they have been discussing the death of the "autocratic Demon King" in open council.

For the present the future must be left to take care of itself. China's only chance of escaping anarchy and disruption appears to lie in the success of the Provisional President. It is not likely that the South are really contem-



plating a war of secession, and now that he has the necessary funds at his disposal, Yüan Shih-k'ai should be strong enough to cope with them successfully. Hence the importance of the Powers not delaying in their recognition of the Republic. The sooner they help the President with the weight of their influence the sooner will he be able to restore tranquillity and order.

But supposing that the estimate of Yüan Shih-k'ai suggested in this article is correct, and that he should one day proclaim himself Emperor, need it be regarded as a misfortune? It is possible to combine ambition with statesmanship, and he has given abundant evidence that he will be no narrow-minded reactionary.

China has had many revolutions in the past, but she has always had an emperor. It is a cardinal principle that if the reigning family betrays its trust it may be deposed, for did not Mencius teach two thousand years ago "the people are of the highest importance, the gods come next, the Sovereign is of lesser weight"? But the Chinese have an immense respect for the monarchical idea; whatever may be his antecedents and personal qualifications, the occupant of the Dragon Throne is the Son of Heaven, the appointed centre and crown of the family system. Moreover, in China autocratic rule is rendered almost a necessity by two causes. The first is that economic factor already mentioned, the fierceness of the struggle for bare existence. A country in which the population is chronically in excess of the normal food supply demands a strong central authority ruling *à l'orientale*. Without it the criminal elements that are ever in wait to prey upon the peasantry and laboring classes must increase and multiply with fearful rapidity—as they did during the year of disorder that succeeded

the outbreak of the Revolution. The second cause arises from the hopelessly inert and apathetic character of the Chinese race. The saying of Mill that a people are "unfitted for representative government by extreme passiveness and ready submission to tyranny" is applicable to them above all other peoples. They can be stirred to violence for a brief moment, but they very soon subside into listlessness. The firebrands of Canton were loud in their outcry at the summary execution, by fiat of the President, of the Republican generals accused of conspiracy at Wuchang, but did not the Advisory Committee and the nation as a whole acquiesce in that exercise of dictatorial power with a ruthlessness at which Tzu Hsi herself would have shrunk?

The country is in the state which is usually associated with revolutions—a lower class accustomed for centuries to be treated as the "stupid people," and an upper class complacent in the self-sufficiency of ignorance. There is no honesty anywhere in public life. The whole energies of every official are openly devoted to the application of "squeeze" and the saving of "face." In fact it is not an exaggeration to say that at the present time the Chinese have scarcely one quality which would fit them for representative government. Of course, the Republic believes, like all new Governments, that it is going to change all this; lift up and educate the masses, and purify the political system. But unless the national character becomes modified under the influence of new customs and ideas, it is likely to oppose a dead weight of inertia too great to be overcome.

K'ang Yu-wei and the orthodox Young China of Western learning and constitutional reform which supported the Emperor Kuang Hsü in 1898 still stoutly maintain that Republicanism

is opposed to the common sense and needs of the Chinese people. This has always been preached by consistent and patriotic reformers like the scholarly Liang Ch'i-ch'ao; it is unquestionably the real opinion of Yüan Shih-k'ai, and probably also, in spite of his recent declarations to European Press correspondents, of the Vice-President, Li Yuan-hung. The tone of the recent manifesto in which the Chinese Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai rebukes the plottings of the extreme Republicans, makes it appear as if the business community were prepared to support the restoration of the autocratic régime as the only means of putting an end to chaos and crime.

It is impossible to argue that there was any general desire throughout the country for the institution of a republic. It has been pointed out in this Review that "This revolution is not a social revolution affecting a social change. It is only a change of directors." That the people wished to change their directors, as they have so often done before, there can be no doubt, but it was only a small and violent section that wished to change anything further. The late Prince Ito, the man who was the ruling spirit of the great change in Japan, concurred in a widely held opinion that England blundered politically in helping the Manchus to suppress the Taiping Rebellion. "By preventing the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty," he said in 1909, "Gordon and his 'ever victorious army' arrested a normal and healthy process of nature. Nothing that the Manchus have done since then affords the slightest evidence that they deserved to be saved; and when they fall, as fall they must and will before very long, the upheaval will be all the more pro-

tracted from having been so long postponed."

He also emphasized the vital difference between the reform movement in China and that which originated in his own country in 1836. Of the latter he said, "There was already in the air a great national idea, around which the new, and, if you like, revolutionary aspirations of the country were able to crystallize, in such a shape as to secure, together with all the benefits of a real revolution, the unbroken continuity of ancient traditions." In the same way even the Young Turks were wise enough not to attack the monarchical principle and religious beliefs with which their national existence has been bound up for so many centuries.

On the other hand, in China, the country where the reverence for antiquity is stronger than anywhere else in the world, the revolutionaries have been doing their best to shatter every tradition that they can reach. The ancient ways and institutions may have had many faults, but such as they were they gave to China a political longevity greater than that of any other nation. The spirit of Confucianism is essentially peaceful and conservative, and even the much ridiculed system of classical examinations was a powerful source of national cohesion and stability. It ensured that all public servants should possess an intimate knowledge of the philosophy and literature containing the principles which form the basis of Chinese history. Furthermore its democratic impartiality constrained a man to say, if his lot was a low one, that it was so in virtue of the "will of Heaven," and not in consequence of the arbitrary action of his fellow men.

All these the reformers would sweep away. The Throne has gone, the public-service examinations have been abolished, and the national religion is in the melting-pot.

Religion is being made use of in the most barefaced manner for utilitarian ends. The day before he resigned the Presidential office Sun Yat Sen went in state to the tomb of Hung-wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, and offering sacrifices, declared to the spirit of the great Chinese hero that "the nation had again recovered her freedom, and that now that the curse of Manchu domination was removed, the free peoples of a United Republic could pursue unhampered their rightful aspirations." But later, when the position of the Republic was better assured, the mask was torn off. The Radicals of Canton decided to render no more official homage to Confucius, and at the same time the Advisory Council at Peking resolved to eliminate the religious clauses from the programme of the Ministry of Education on the ground that the State is not concerned with religious matters; but most violent of all, and shocking to the susceptibilities of the nation, was the proposal of the Ministry of Agriculture to turn the Temple of Heaven into a model farm.

In view of such proceedings it is difficult to believe that the Christian sympathies of Young China are, like those of the Taipings, anything more than a device to secure the good opinion of Europe, and in fact the adoption of Christianity by Sun Yat Sen and other Cantonese politicians has been aptly described as "part of the intellectual equipment of the modern progressive." There are over a million sincere Christians in China, but it is idle to suppose that the Government is being "converted." The Chinese people are at bottom passive agnostics, and if their rulers have any real idea of turning towards Christianity it is so as to obtain what material advantages they can by so doing. Fears have already been expressed in responsible quarters that China, like Japan, may attempt

to manufacture a special brand of Christianity, which she thinks will be best suited to her purposes.

Up to the present the Republic has done little but destroy, and it is difficult to see whence it is to derive the materials to build up again. It has no new moral ideas, nothing better to offer for the Canons of the Sages which it is uprooting so violently. The students who form such a noisy revolutionary element have returned from England, America or Japan with shoals of new ideas, but at the same time so much estranged from the old Chinese conceptions that they have almost entirely lost contact with the Chinese point of view. Hence the violence, and crudity of their doctrines.

Nor have China's first efforts in popular government been encouraging. The members of the National Council cared so little about their duties that although fifty-nine were necessary to form a quorum, the usual attendance was eight or ten. And Parliament is no better. The sittings have been characterized by childish exhibitions of temper and unreasonableness, and they frequently end in deadlock owing to the retirement in a body of the obstructing side.

Young China, however, must not be taken as representative of the whole country. It has been raised, greatly by the force of circumstance, into a prominent position, but it forms a very small section of the nation. The real struggle to come will be fought out between the old Conservatives and the Constitutional Reformers of the school of Liang Ch'i-ch'ao and K'ang Yu-wei.

The Sons of Han may well have a great future still before them. If they have not the particular virtues needed for representative government they have many others. While it may take generations to arouse a strong public opinion against the corruption and

"squeezing" which seem to them so natural, they are stamping out the vice of opium-smoking with a resolution of which no Western nation has ever shown itself capable. The merchants bear a good name for fairness and honesty, and the thrift of the people is amazing. In fact it is these very economic virtues which make Chinamen so much feared in foreign countries. The settlers in Peru, for instance, were able to contribute a million sterling to the Revolutionary war-chest, so it is not surprising to find that to-day the Chinese practically own the British colonies of Hong Kong and Singapore, nor difficult to believe that it will not take them long to become the owners of any country in which they may establish themselves.

To those who are accustomed to the old idea of the barbarism of the "Heathen Chinese" it will be a revelation to read Miss Kendall's account of her journey across China from South to North. She travelled by road through Yunnan and Szechuan, and the picture that she gives is one of Chinese civilization steadily pushing its way through the wild hill-tribes of the western border. One might imagine oneself in Nigeria or Northern India, with the smart British or British-trained soldiers giving a comforting sense of security and discipline, only that here "British" is replaced by "Chinese." And as the civilizing race has advanced, cultivation, order and prosperity have followed. Miss Kendall's is not a social or political treatise, but her bright and intimate sketches of John Chinaman as she met him, cannot but make one

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feel, that for all his queer ways, he is in most essentials very much like oneself—much more so in fact than the Japanese or the Hindoo.

Those who are to regenerate China will therefore have good material to work upon in the commercial and agricultural classes; and even among the high officials there are magnificent exceptions—men whose self-devotion does not stop short at death, or even at suicide. But administrative reform can do little good until a real change takes place in the general standard of honesty which prevails in public life. It is not probable that the present Government will last long enough to effect this. The Chinese are such a matter of fact race that no questions of sentiment will deter them from accepting any form of government which can offer them solid advantages, but the Republic has undoubtedly added to the difficulties inseparable from the patriarchal character of the nation and its unique economic circumstances, by its methods of reckless violence. Nor has it yet proved that it has advantages to offer. The problem would certainly be much simplified, by the restoration of the Empire, and only those who have a prejudice in favor of Republicanism need be unhappy if this should come to pass. The claims of Marquis Chu, a lineal descendant of the Mings, may some day command a following, but, taking all things into account, the most likely solution is that Yüan Shih-k'ai should realize his crowning ambition and place himself upon the Dragon Throne.

*Stephen Harding.*

## COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERNIN.

## CHAPTER XVI.

It was June, the beginning of June, and London knew no peace by day or night. Turmoil, clamor, haste continued without pause. The machinery of business, duty, pleasure drove ceaselessly at highest speed. The streets were like rivers, whose eddies and undercurrents kept variegated masses of wreckage and litter for ever on the move.

It was a cheerful energy that filled the air this morning. A light breeze blew snow-white clouds across a clean blue sky; piles of flowers, bright and sweet, decorated the street corners—such a contrast to their dingy vendors; window boxes blazed with color, trees in the parks and squares swayed, freshly green, undulled as yet by dust and grime. It was all invigorating, optimistic, confident, as though drenching rain, poisonous fog, cold and darkness were evils never to be borne or apprehended.

The Rani of Rotah looked out of the window of her spacious bedroom in an hotel that specialized in accommodation for Eastern visitors of wealth and rank. Dully she marvelled at the moving scene below, then turned in confiding fashion to Fay Fleetwood who, just arrived at the hotel, had been conducted to the Rani's private suite of rooms.

"So many people come and go," she said in Hindustani, for, owing to the late Mummo-bibi's prejudices, she could speak nothing else, "come and go so quickly, run, walk, sit in gharry. London is a very, very big bazaar."

The party from India had been a week in London, but the Rani required time to recover from the effects of the voyage, which had really disturbed her health, and she was only now begin-

ning to take note of her strange new surroundings. With her in the room were a couple of waiting maids who looked like ordinary ayahs; a stout aunt of the Rajah's with iron grey hair and a foolish face who chewed betel nut industriously and, it must be admitted, now and then spat the juice on to the carpet; also this lady's granddaughter, a merry, eager person called Munia.

The room was in hopeless confusion, littered with clothes and cushions and *rezais* (native quilts), portions of hookahs delicately worked in silver, ivory, or ebony. There were *pân-boxes* of different sizes and shapes, and articles and cosmetics taken from toilet boxes and not put back again. But despite all the rubbish and the chaos, and the smell of musky perfume and cardamoms and camphor, Fay's heart warmed to these Indian women—to their naïve simplicity and child-like attitude towards life, their gentle movements and graceful garb. How pretty was the Rani's costume of soft draperies in various yellow shades, and a fine silk muslin veil embroidered in gold thread—a fashion that had never been changed since first it was introduced, no one could say how long ago—a fashion elegant, feminine, and wise, that gave freedom of limb and organ!

Fay caught sight of her own reflection in a large cheval glass placed at right angles to the window, and it struck her that a hat was really an absurd erection! Her's was a pretty hat, she knew it became her, but when you considered the question how ridiculous to sew artificial flowers and scraps of material on to a sort of straw basket turned upside down to place upon your head! That was what it came to,



literally, after all! Then she remembered her other hats, one in particular that was of rather ultra-fashionable shape, with feathers that stood up at the latest angle. And yet people laughed at head-dresses, hardly more grotesque, assumed by savage tribes.

Unconsciously Fay turned, till now she faced the mirror, gazing thoughtfully at the picture of herself wearing a large black hat, and a white coat and skirt with black facings; and presently beside her own reflection appeared that of the little Rani, preening herself, drawing the delicate wrapper further on to her sleek dark head, then throwing it further back till it caught on the tight knob of hair at the nape of her neck. The two stood side by side—one tall, slender, fair-skinned, grey-eyed, in Western dress that yet could not minimize her beauty; the other small, dark, plain, but picturesque, almost pleasing, thanks in great part to her clothing. . . . Fay might have looked charming dressed as the Rani was dressed, yet what a spectacle would the little Rani have presented in an English hat and a coat and skirt! Fay could have laughed as she imagined such a transformation; yet the Rani, draped as she was in delicate fabrics of lovely hues that suited the darkness of her skin and her mouse-brown eyes, was an arresting vision, a little Indian princess, though she possessed in fact a button nose, coarse lips, and a face that was deplorably homely in outline.

"Why do you not wear pretty colors?" inquired the Rani, regarding Fay's black and white raiment with disfavor.

"Because my father died not long ago," explained Fay gravely, "and with us black means mourning."

The Rani nodded. "Yes, I understand," she said with sympathy, "to scare away the ghost."

To turn the subject Fay inquired

when they were to go out. She knew that a carriage and pair had been hired for their use.

"To-day," said the Rani vaguely, "or perhaps to-morrow. Hitherto my health has troubled me, so that I could not go. Yes, to-day we will eat the air, and I will buy some English clothes."

Fay's spirits sank. "Oh! Rani," she protested, "You don't mean to wear English clothes when you have such lovely Indian things and look so charming in them?"

"Of course!" cried the Rani. "What else? I will buy shoes and stockings, red, blue, white. And a hat like thine own, only of a pretty color—not black. And a long rope of feathers to put around my neck." She considered for a moment, then added: "And a cloak such as the English ladies wore in the evenings on the deck of the ship." She gave an involuntary shudder. "Al!—but how ill I was on the ship. I thought I was surely about to die. And Munia too, and old Leela." We were all very ill."

"Sea-sick," said Munia laboriously, and with pride. She laughed, displaying exquisite teeth, sound and perfect and milky white, not stained, as were the Rani's and Leela's, with disfiguring betel-nut juice.

Fay found herself regretting that Munia was not in the Rani's place! Intelligence, refinement, character, were apparent in the oval face, firm little features, and brilliant eyes. Healthy, too, the girl undoubtedly was, whereas the Rani lacked stamina, and had an unwholesome appearance.

"With thy help and advice I shall buy many things," planned the Rani with satisfaction. "And then thou wilt take me to visit all the great ladies in London? To-day doth the Rajah go with Captain Somerton to see some horse-racing. We can see them start from the window. They will go in a

gharry that runs by itself with no horses. To-morrow shall we go and pay visits to the burra-mems?"

Fay endeavored to make her understand that it was not the custom in England to call upon people one did not know, though English people did so in India; but the Rani only became puzzled and inclined to be sulky. Fay turned over in her mind the names of Anglo-Indian and other friends in London who would be pleased if she brought the Rani to visit them, who would be kind and sympathetic and willing to help the little lady to enjoy her stay in London; but she felt distinctly reluctant to take the Rani anywhere if arrayed in colored shoes and stockings, a hat, and an evening cloak! What was to be done?

She reverted to the question of clothes, and tried to explain that people in England admired the dress of Indian ladies. She advised the Rani to remain faithful to the costume of her country.

Munia came forward with covert mischief in her eyes though her speech to the Rani was humbly respectful. "Why not put on the hat and coat of the Misa, your Highness?"

"Wah! wah!" applauded Leela, who had seated herself on the floor with her back to the wall and was combing her grey locks.

The Rani's dull eyes brightened. She clapped her tiny brown hands laden with rings. Then began to unwind her veil and fumble hastily with hidden strings about her waist. Her bracelets and anklets made a quick, tinkling noise.

"Here, you!" she called to the two ayahs who stood looking and listening with grins on their faces. "Come and render help. The Miss-sahib will put on my clothes and I will put on hers!"

Fay perceived that expostulation would only cause offence. Moreover, she reflected, it might be just as well

for the Rani to realize how grotesque would be her appearance in European garments. Smiling she submitted to the change, and presently there stood in front of the looking glass a stumpy little figure enveloped in Fay's coat and skirt, and Fay's hat trimmed with black roses wobbling on an oily round head. The poor little woman looked like a Eurasian nursemaid, and Fay found it difficult to keep her gravity. Then over the Rani's shoulder she caught a glimpse of herself—a tall ghost shrouded in yellow, with two grey eyes paled by the vivid color of the wrapper, staring from under ruffled dark hair. She was uncomfortably aware that the Rani's little silk coat refused to meet across her chest, and that the skirt did not reach very far below her knees.

Munia, Leela, the Rani, and the ayahs shrieked unrestrainedly with laughter in which Fay joined. The hat fell off the Rani's head, but she picked it up and crushed it on again, gathering up the white skirt that lay in folds on the ground, and holding it behind her with the important air of a child "dressed up" for a treat in the clothes of an adult. The Rani was enjoying herself more than she had done since she left India.

"No, no," she cried, surveying the English girl, "that will not do. The clothes are too short and too tight. Leela is long and has a broad breast. Bring out the blue wrapper," she commanded her maids, "and the blue jacket and skirt that were bought for Leela before we began to travel—which she hath never yet put on."

Amid excited chatter and bustle the garments in question were produced, and Fay was attired in a native woman's costume of a soft, dull blue. A muslin wrapper with a silver border was draped over her head, and wound in correct fashion about her body. A string of large, irregular

pearls was fastened round her neck, and wide pearl rings were hung in her ears. . . . Then there were exclamations of approval, and Fay was made to turn this way and that, to show herself off to advantage. The Rani, apparently, was equally satisfied with her own appearance, for she returned again and again to the looking-glass to gaze at her reflection, and balance the hat at different angles on her head.

It was a curious little scene, and Fay was tiring of it when, without warning, the door opened and the Rajah of Rotah stood on the threshold.

Framed in the doorway he made an admirable picture, dressed in fine white cloth with touches of blue and gold, an *algrette* fastened with an uncut diamond rising from his turban. Since last Fay saw him his shoulders had broadened, his face was leaner, his moustache was that of a man. It was a good face as well as handsome, but lines were ruled on it already, left there by many a battle between hereditary instincts of evil, and knowledge, for the most part acted upon, of rectitude and right behavior.

Speechless, he gazed at Fay as though she were a figure in a dream, standing there before him dressed as his own women were dressed, the blue *sari* framing her fair face, the color warming the soft grey of her eyes. Hastily she moved forward.

"Oh! Rajah-sahib," she said, "how are you? You see we have been dressing up—amusing ourselves!"

Her manner was natural and pliant, and she put out her hand. He held it for a moment—a form of salute so unnatural to an Oriental, and at the back of the Oriental mind regarded as uncouth, even distasteful—then he salaamed with courteous ceremony.

"Miss Fleetwood," was all he said in a low voice. And Fay drew back into the room where Munia was vel-

ling her face and shaking with silent laughter. The Rani stood in front of her husband, stood solemn and important, conceitedly complacent in Miss Fleetwood's clothes. Rotah's face darkened with angry contempt. Fay's heart was sore with pity for both wife and husband.

"It is not my wish," he said slowly and with obvious self-control, "that you should dress in the English manner."

Evidently he had divined the Rani's aspirations and thought it wiser to damp them without delay. In a moment the Rani had flung Fay's hat to the far end of the room. She tore at the coat, wrestling distractedly with the buttons. Then she attempted to advance towards her husband, but stumbled over the skirt that wound itself about her feet and ankles, so that she collapsed, a tangled, helpless heap upon the floor.

Rotah turned quietly from the room, and closed the door behind him. Fay felt angry with him, but she had no time now to think of anything but the rescue of her clothes, which she feared would be torn to rags before her eyes by the aggrieved, resentful little Rani, who wept and stormed and vowed she would throw herself out of the window or down a well, would take poison or dash out her brains against the wall. . . . Old Leela did her best to pacify her august relative, and murmured apologetically to Miss Fleetwood: "Is she not the Mummo-bibi's daughter?" and Fay realized that beneath the apathy and the child-like impulses of the Rani's temperament there lurked the Bibi's revengeful spirit and untutored passions.

In time the Rani exhausted herself with emotion and anger, and tea had to be brewed, and native restoratives produced, before it was possible to reason with her. She listened sulkily as Fay pointed out with all the tact at

her command that evidently the Rajah admired his Rani most in the costume of her own land, adding that for her part she quite endorsed his taste; therefore, she argued, was it not best to please him in such a small matter—to decide to purchase only such things as would harmonize with her beautiful saris and petticoats, and so render her more pleasing in his sight than ever. Then the Rani grew interested, and heard with gracious attention of all the pretty trifles to be found in London shops—embroidered bags, and painted fans, and dainty scarves and handkerchiefs. Fay mentioned numberless articles at random, with the result that in the afternoon, after considerable delay and much unnecessary fuss and discussion, the Rani and Leela and Munia, all thickly veiled, went out with Miss "Fe-litter-wood," as they called her, in the closed landau. A native orderly, gorgeous in gold and scarlet, was perched uncomfortably on a box beside the imperturbable English coachman. Fay felt relieved that the rather unhappy condition of her hat and coat mattered little, for as they drove along the streets and trailed through one or two shops, public attention was attracted to the strange veiled figures, not to the appearance of the English girl who accompanied them. She brought the Rani back to the hotel in excellent humor, the carriage blocked with parcels—toys, purses, vases, artificial flowers, sweetmeats and cakes, to enumerate a few of the purchases—and for the rest of the evening Fay was free to remain in her own rooms while her charges in their adjoining suite of apartments examined and admired their new acquisitions and chattered over them endlessly.

That evening Fay Fleetwood saw Clive Somerton. He was not staying in the hotel but presented himself there on most days to supervise the

Rajah's plans, to go out with him, and escort him to entertainments and sights of interest. To-night Rotah and his retinue were to be taken to the theatre, and Captain Somerton, arriving at the hotel half-an-hour too early, of intention, asked to see Miss Fleetwood.

He found her reading in her sitting room, where a table was laid ready for her solitary dinner. She wore a thin black gown with transparent yoke and sleeves—a charming vision, cool, fresh, fragrant. There was something of fairy fragility in the finish of her small head and slender neck, in the curves of her sensitive features, and the lines of her feet and hands, a buoyant delicacy as of butterflies or thistledown that gave no suggestion of weakness or debility. She sprang up, unfeignedly pleased to see him, as he came into the room, well-dressed, well-groomed, bronzed and wiry-looking rather older than his actual age by reason of the grey in his hair, and the lines imprinted on his face by exposure, rough living, and danger.

"Do you remember the last time we met?" he said, when greetings were over—"under a gas lamp on an asphalt pathway, and on such a cold night!"

He hardly heard her answer, so engrossed was he in the contemplation of what had been his own frame of mind at the time to which he referred. He was recalling how violently he had resented her subtle attraction; how he had resorted to the belief that his delivery lay in the future; how afterwards, back in the midst of the old satisfying life, he had done "all he knew" to cure himself of the unwelcome visitation that disturbed his thoughts and made restless his nights and days. Between the claims of his work, his books, his guns, and hard exercise he had allowed himself no leisure for sentimental remembrance,

so that, gradually, a pair of soft grey eyes came less often between him and the interests of the moment, the little rasping hanker in his heart almost ceased to interfere with his daily contentment. . . . He thought and hoped he had forgotten. And then when he heard that Fay was to companion the Rani while in London it seemed as if Fate had determined to test him—and now it was with a sense of apprehensive curiosity that he deliberately sought her presence, deciding that should his pulses beat faster at sight of her he would manage to avoid her as far as was possible during the short period that they would both be on duty with the Rajah and the Rani. Such a course would not be difficult seeing that the Indian couple seldom went anywhere together in public, and during private companionship had only their native suite about them.

Retribution for his arrogant self-confidence fell on Clive Somerton's head. The moment he beheld Fay Fleetwood again, in the soft evening gown, her graceful neck rising bare from the filmy folds, he recognized that a fresh battle lay before him, that resistance to her charms could only be a matter of the severest self-discipline. . . . For the present, however, he put all thought of the struggle away from him, and the pair talked easily, telling each other of their doings since their last meeting; they touched intimately on Mr. Fleetwood's death, discussed with sympathetic humor Marion's engagement to Sir Rowland Curlice; dwelt on Fay's pleasure at this unexpected opportunity of reviving her associations with India. She described to Captain Somerton with a feeling for comedy the scene that was interrupted by Rotah in the Rani's bedroom.

"What I must have looked like!" she said, and laughed. "And the Rani, poor little thing, was the most extra-

ordinary object. Rotah was quite angry with her, and no wonder!"

Somerton rose and stood by the mantelpiece, fingering a china ornament. The fact of her having been surprised by Rotah in native dress annoyed him vaguely.

"Don't let them worry you," he said, though he knew that no such thing was probable.

"Oh! they won't, of course," said Fay, rather surprised at his tone, "they're all very nice to me, only one has to be patient with them and remember that they are not much more than children in their ways and ideas—children with grown-up bodies, which makes it more difficult. That cousin of Rotah's, Munia, is a dear little soul. I should like to see her educated. She ought to be sent to school."

"I'll suggest it to Rotah. You know," he added significantly, "if there are no more children Rotah will have to take another wife. The State would demand it, as well as Custom and Religion."

"And you think Munia?"

"Oh! well—perhaps. It sounds rough luck on the Rani according to our notions, but of course she'd accept it, and she would always hold her official position as first wife. I don't think Rotah's the kind of fellow to slight her in any way. Poor little woman—I believe she was very seedy all this last year. How does she look now?"

"Not really well," said Fay with concern. "And she has no self-control—stuffs herself with sweets and cakes. She asked to be taken to the biggest sweet shop in London this afternoon, so we went to Buszard's; she bought pounds of such things, and ordered a replica of an enormous wedding cake that took her fancy. By the way, she is very anxious to see the Queen, and asked if we couldn't go to Buckingham Palace to-morrow morning. She thought if we sent word to her Maj-



esty this evening it would give plenty of time for all the menkind to be cleared out of the way before we arrived! I found it rather difficult to make her understand that she must have permission first before paying her respects, and that the Queen would choose her own day and hour. What am I to do about it?"

He told her, and dictated a rough draft of what she should write in the matter—she was to explain to the proper intermediary that the Rani had never before been further than her husband's own domain in India, that she had braved what, to her, were terrible risks by land and sea in order to visit England, and now were she obliged to return to her own country without having seen her Queen-Empress the disappointment would be keen. "Then," continued Fay, "she is very anxious to go to a theatre, and see English acting. What about a melodrama? or do you think a Galety piece would please her better?"

"Try the latter to begin with," he advised. "Shall I get you a box for one evening next week?"

"Yes, please do. And can you suggest other entertainments that might appeal to her?"

"Oh! the Zoo and Madame Tussaud's and drive down to Hampton Court. That kind of thing. Rotah and I did it almost religiously while the Rani was recovering from the effects of the voyage. Don't you think Rotah is enormously improved? Though, of course, he has his College training as well as his own good sense to thank for his development, it was I who helped him over all his early stiles when he was a rebellious, angry little brute—though, I must say he always had a generous heart. I've been with him in his holidays and I've seen him shaping well from the beginning, and I'm rather proud of my share in the result!"

"Yes," said Fay slowly, as she recalled Rotah's face and bearing during the brief moments when he had stood in the doorway of the Rani's room that morning. "He looked to me 'grown-up,' and as if he had grown up in the right way."

She listened, interested, as Somerton talked eagerly of the being whose mind and character he had helped to mould and train. He told her of the youth's desire to learn all that would tend to make him a judicious ruler of men, of his acts of self-control, and his studious leanings—how he read and absorbed the ancient writings of his people, with their ethical wisdom and grand ideals.

"Rotah's a real good boy," said Clive with affectionate enthusiasm, "and I only wish his State was one of the big native territories. When you see some of our Indian princes behaving like spoilt schoolboys let loose on the world it's enough to make one sick."

"Do you think Rotah was happy at College?" asked Fay.

"Yes. I think so, on the whole, though it couldn't have been an altogether easy time for him. Now and then he talks to me about it. He liked his tutors and apparently they fully appreciated his efforts to follow their precepts and example. In some ways he's very reticent, and he thinks a great deal more than he speaks. One day he confided to me that though he owed so much to his College training and to my influence, there had been one other factor in his life that had urged him to take advantage of his opportunities more than anything else could have done. He wouldn't explain or enlarge on what he meant, and I've often wondered about it. But whatever it was it's likely to be a real blessing, not only for himself but for his State and people."

Fay looked out of the window into

the dusty glow of the sunset that was merging into twilight, and her heart quickened with a sudden, silent question—could it have been the words she had spoken to Rotah on the fort walls that afternoon when he and she had stood and looked over the teeming native city, and he had given her his stammering assurance that he would do his best?

After Somerton had gone she sat and thought very kindly of the young Indian ruler—speculating as to how he might regard the customs of his own people in the light of his Western education—whether he could ever hope

*The Times.*

*(To be continued)*

## FRAGMENTS OF VILLON.

### THE PARIS OF 1465.

Opening the Petit Testament is like opening a window on to Old Paris. The air of winter blows at once in your face.

"En ce temps que j'ai dit devant  
Sur le Noël, morte saison."

The cry of the wolf sniffing the wind at the city gates crosses the Christmas bells. Spires, chimney-pots, weather-cocks, housegables cut the freezing sky; the windmills of Petit Gentilli stand stark and still as if menacing the always hungry city, and fronting Gentilli the windmills of Pincourt fling their arms to the air.

Shivering and fascinated one listens and looks, till at last, by some alchemy, one finds oneself in the streets themselves, where dusk and dim lanterns struggle together, and the sudden blaze of a torch carried by at a run shows a crowd that is at once a crowd and a shadow. Beggars, prostitutes, tramps, thieves, priests, and honest citizens, all those who were once human beings go about their business in that freezing dusk which clings

to alter or even modify usages that were so old, ways that had so obstinately resisted progress, that had paralyzed an ancient and marvellous people for so many centuries? . . . She thought with sympathy of his loneliness when a few months hence he would be "placed upon the Cushion," with powers given over to him of life and death, and prosperity or oppression for others, when the supreme trial of his life was full upon him. How would he stand it? Was he strong enough to win, or would he sink beneath the weight of age-old tendencies, beliefs, and habits?

still to the opening and closing lines of the Petit Testament.

The litter of the woman of fashion passes, carried by lacqueys up to their ankles in filth. The vulture profile of the Arblatière, and the frozen beard sticking brush-like from his face, gold of baldrick, horror of rags: all are lit by the running torch-man.

You turn a corner and the bells hit you in the face; they seem whipped to life by the wind from the north; you cross the Petit Pont, to the Cité, and the Rue de la Lanterne lies before you, with the church of the Madeleine on one side of it and the Pomme du Pin on the other.

The Pomme du Pin casts its light right out to the roadway. It is the most notable public-house in Paris, and mixed with the bells of St. Merri and the carillon of St. Landry the voice of the Pomme comes like the crackling of thorns beneath a pot of mulling wine. There you will find François Villon warming his hands at the fire, thawing the frost and the University out of his blood, and cracking jokes with friends

and strangers, whilst Robin Turgis serves the drink. Fournier, the Lieutenant of Police, shows his ugly face at the door; Colin Laurent and Jehan Marceau look in; the place becomes crowded with students of the University, each one entering blue with cold and each one leaving red with wine.

Dusk is the fashionable hour at the Pomme du Pin, night at the Abreuvoir Popin. The Abreuvoir Popin is one of those tragic places that possess evil personalities of their own. It is a watering-place for horses just by the Petit Pont, and in summer it is frequented by blackguard boys, courtesans, thieves, coiners; students broken from the University and discredited priests. In winter the tavern beside it is crammed. Here you will find Jehan de Loup and Cassin Cholet, duck thieves, Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, Guy Tabary, Dom Nicholas, Petit-Jehan, and Thibault the locksmith: all robbers, and worse.

We can see them drinking together with Villon in their midst, discussing the smallest and the meanest matters, unconscious of the immortality he is to give them, and which they would sell for a bottle of wine.

#### THE THREE QUARTERS.

The Paris of Villon, armed, spinous, belted by the wall of Charles V., was divided into three quarters: the University, the Cité, and the Ville. The University, a solid mass of slated roofs covering the left bank of the Seine from the Tournelle to the tower of Neslé, and spreading over the hill of St. Geneviève; the Cité, with its twenty-one churches, covering the island of the Cité; and the Ville, covering the right bank with its gardens and palaces. Around this city of a thousand churches and ten thousand houses, all fused and huddled together as if for warmth and protection, the

<sup>1</sup> Figurative.

stray towers and windmills of the suburbs of Gentilly, Pincourt, Porcherons, and Ville L'Évêque.

The Cour des Miracles was situated in the Ville. This nightmare place, so vividly painted by Hugo, must have been known to Villon—it recruited from the University as well as from the Church. Shaped like a market-square, it was surrounded by rookeries populated by robbers, beggars, petty thieves, and cut-throats; by gypsies, Jews, and Christians. It broke through the ruined wall of the Ville, and some of the towers of the wall were used as taverns and houses of ill-repute. Teeming with people by night, lit by bonfires, unapproachable even by the Archers of the watch, the Cour des Miracles, like a terrible lantern, lights the Paris of Villon for the understanding. Where such a place could be, all things might be, and most things unspeakable were.

The Pomme du Pin, the Abreuvoir Popin, and the Cour des Miracles were but three rungs in a ladder. The student who began by drinking at the Pomme often ended by sleeping in the Cour des Miracles. Villon fell into the pit at Méun-sur-Loire in the prison of Thibault d'Ausigny—but he at least escaped from falling into the Cour des Miracles.

The Ville among its other important buildings held the Louvre and the Hôtel de Ville; it was a much more extensive and less densely-populated quarter than either that of the Cité or the University. Though it held the Cour des Miracles it held also some of the finest houses in Paris. On the Seine bank lay the Hôtel de Jouy and the Hôtels de Sens and Barbeau; the Queen's Palace and the Abbey of the Celestins were also here. Behind these lay the vast grounds of the Hôtel St. Pol, owned by the King of France. Further afield rose to view the Logis d'Angoulême and the spires and towers of the pal-

ace of the Tournelles. To the right of the Tournelles, grim and black, stood the Bastille.

The centre of the Ville was occupied by poor houses. Here lay the Halles and the pillory and the Croix de Trahoir. The great semicircle of the Ville also included a place which, like the Cour des Miracles, throws a sinister light on the Paris of Villon,—the Marche au Pourceaux, where was situated the caldron in which coiners were boiled alive.

*The Cité.*—Unlike the Ville the Cité was simply crusted with buildings—mostly churches. Notre Dame, like a mother, seemed to have gathered them all around her. In front of the great cathedral the houses had cleared a space, and the Parvis of Notre Dame, into which three streets emptied, must have been a sight on a feast day and colored by the life of the Ville, the Cité, and the University. Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of the cathedral, has a place in the verse of Villon, and a whiff of incense from the great old church seems to stray across that ballade written by Villon for his mother.

Notre Dame, like the Cour des Miracles, also holds its lamp to the city of the poet, illuminating other things than the tenebrous and vile.

Here on the Cité was also situated the Palais de Justice at which Villon looks askant. The Palace of the Bishop at which we may fancy him turning up his nose; the Hôtel Dieu on the Parvis, and the Hôtel of Juvenal des Ursines—that chronicler of calamities.

*The University.*—Crossing over from the city to the University by the Petit Pont, one passed the gateway of the Petit Chatelet and found oneself in a maze of streets. Streets, streets, some narrow, some fairly broad; some cutting through rookeries alive with students, some giving frontage to the

colleges, forty-two in number, and spired and domed with the spires and domes of fantasy and the middle ages.

One passed abbeys and splendid hotels—the Hôtel de Cluny was here and the Logis de Nevers; the Logis de Rome, and the Logis de Rheims—till, elbowing churchmen and students, one at last arrived at the church of St. Benoist de la Bien Tourné, near the Sorbonne.

The church of St. Benoist had a double influence on the life of François de Loge, otherwise known as François Villon. It was Guillaume Villon, a chaplain of St. Benoist, who adopted François de Loge and gave him his name and shelter in his house, the Porte Rouge, situated in the cloister of St. Benoist.

It was in front of St. Benoist one fine evening that François Villon, sitting on a stone and conversing with Gilles, a priest, and one named Ysabeau, was accosted by Phillip Chermoye, also a priest. In the altercation that ensued Villon struck Chermoye so that he died. A crime—if crime it was—that sent Villon to exile, and helped to give us the *Epistre en forme de Ballade à ses amis*.

#### VILLON.

Nearly everything in life gave Villon a ballade; if not, a rondel; if not, a verse. A tavern, a church, the picture of a saint, a friend, an enemy, himself, his old mother, or Colin Cholet the duck thief, all found expression in his genius. He was the voice of old Paris, and of all the voices of her bells and her people, the only living voice to reach us. Yet he is enough, for he speaks for them all. For the rioters in the taverns, for the chattering girls, for the courtesan grown old; for his mother, so clearly that we can see her in the church where she worshipped; for the creaking gibbet and the howling wolf. There is scarcely a friend

that he has forgotten or an enemy he has missed; and he is frank as day about himself.

He says horrible things, he says sordid things, and he says beautiful things; but he says one thing always, the truth, and his lamentations are real no less when he is lamenting his own fate than the fate of the women who have vanished from the world.

Considering the times in which he lived, he is wonderfully clean-spoken and devoid of brutality. Remember, that in the Paris of 1465 they boiled malefactors alive in the cauldron of the swine market, the graveyards at night were the haunts of debauchery, priests and nuns helped in the recruiting of the army of crime, and the students of the University were often reduced to begging their bread from door to door. He, in his personal life, has been hardly dealt with. He killed Chermoye; and who was Chermoye—a priest armed with a dagger. He was a robber, but he was a robber in an age of robbers. God made him a robber, it is true, but at least let us thank God that He did not make him a tradesman.

We have no portrait of Villon. If we had I would swear it showed a better face than the swine face of Rabelais. Rabelais, a great genius who rolls in ordure and honor, whilst Villon, a greater, walks despised by people who call themselves honest men.

When Auguste Longron, grubbing amidst the archives of the Chatelet de Paris and the Bibliothèque de la Sorbonne, discovered that Villon had many friends who were thieves, he did a great disservice to literature, inasmuch as he incited Robert Louis Stevenson to write his lamentable article on Villon. How so great a man could have put his hand to so mean a work must ever remain one of the mysteries of life. Without Charity there is

no understanding, and without understanding you may look in vain for Charity.

"Ayez pitié, Ayez pitié de moy.

A tout les moins, si vous plaist mes amis!"

#### THE BALLADS.

Villon was born in the year 1431. He died on some date unknown. His manner of living, how much he drank, what people he robbed—if he robbed any, his love affairs, his companions and their status in life—all these things are only of interest to us as footnotes to his literary work, and all these things—first verified—should be set forth without comment.

When a man is living and breathing no other man may dare to attack his reputation, only when he is defenceless through death may the literary kites assemble to dig in his eyes and entrails and make profit out of the corpse of his life and reputation. And a corpse over four hundred years a corpse may surely be left at peace, even by these.

Villon is the greatest and truest of French poets, and if you doubt my word look at his star, which is only now in true ascension after nearly half a thousand years. He is the only French poet who is entirely real; all the rest are tinged with artifice, and his reality is never more vividly apparent than when it is conveyed in the most artificial and difficult form of verse.

The Ballade in the hands of this supreme master is capable of producing the most astonishing results. It is now the perfect necklace that fits the throat of Thais, and, now, the noose that swings from the gibbet. He only requires twenty-eight lines to say about women what Zola has properly said in five volumes, and only twenty-eight lines to write the epitaph of all the women who have ever lived.



Villon is the most modern of the moderns; his verse, with the gibbets removed, might have been written in the Paris of to-day, and in any civilization to follow ours he will hold the same high place; for it is his essential that the forms of his genius are the concretions of eternal principles, not the flowery expansions of ephemeral moods.

#### EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE.

Which was made by Villon for himself and his companions whilst waiting with them expecting to be hanged.

O brother men who after us shall thrive,

Let not your hearts against us hardened be.

For all the pity unto us ye give

God will return in mercy unto ye.

We five or six all swinging from the tree,

Behold, and all our well-fed flesh once fair

Rotted, and eaten by the beaks that tear,

Whilst we the bones to dust and ash dissolve.

Let no man mock us, or the fate we bear;

But pray to God that He may us absolve.

O brothers hear us and do not receive  
Our lamentations in disdain, though we

Came here by justice, for all men that live

Are not born into good sense equally.

Make intercession for us, graciously,

With Him whose life the Virgin once did share,

That His grace comes to us as water clear,

Nor Hell's destructions on our heads devolve;

Dead are we, and as dead men leave us here.

But pray to God that He may us absolve.

The rain has washed us as we'd been alive,

The sun has burnt us bitterly ye see.  
The pies and crows that all around us strive

Leave us of eyes and beard and eye-brows free.

Never from torment have we sanctuary,

Ever and always driven here and there

At the winds' will, and every change of air.

More pecked by birds than fruit that beaks revolve;

O brothers make no mock of what we are,

But pray to God that He may us absolve.

#### ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, lord of all, have us in care,

And keep from us the fires of Hell that stare,

Lest those dread fires our fate and future solve.

Men! gaze on us, be warned, and onward fare—

But pray to God that He may us absolve.

#### BALLADE OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

Take those famed for language fair:

Past or in the present tense,

Each good as Love's messenger,

Florentines, Venetiennes,

Roman girls, Lombardiennes,

Girls whose name Geneva carries,

Piedmont girls, Savoysiennes;

No girls speak like those of Paris.

Though for grace of language are

Famed the Neapolitans,

And in chattering Germans share

Pride of place with Prussians.

Taking Greeks, Egyptians,

Austrians, whom no rhyme marries,

Spanish girls, Castillians,

No girls speak like those of Paris.

Bretonnes-Swiss, their language mar,

Gascon girls, Tolousiennes;

Two fish fags would close their jar.

On Petit Pont, Lorrainiennes,

English girls, Calaisiennes.

All the world my memory harries—

Picard girls, Valenciennes,  
No girls speak like those of Paris.

ENVOI.

Prince, to fair Parisiennes  
Give the prize, nor turn where tarries  
One who saith "Italians."  
No girls speak like those of Paris.

RONDEL.

Your memory is death to me,  
My only good the sight of you,  
I swear by all that I hold true  
That joy without you cannot be.  
When I your face no longer view  
I die of sadness, yea—*pardie*—  
Your memory is death to me.

Alas! sweet sister fair to see,  
Have pity on me, for with you  
Evil recolis, the sky is blue;  
Without you clouds shade land and  
sea.

—Your memory is death to me!

RONDEL.

True God of Love, turn here thy gaze,  
Draw death to me through Death's  
dark ways  
More hastily.

For I have badly used my days,  
I die of love through Love's delays,  
Most certainly.

Grief's weariness upon me preys.

LETTER.

In form of a Ballade, to his friends.  
From the pit at Méun sur Loire, in the  
prison of Thihault d'Ansigny.

Have pity on me, have pity I pray,  
My friends may I pray you to grant  
this grace,

For far from the hawthorne trees of  
May

I am flung in this dungeon in this far  
place

Of exile, by God and by Fate's dis-  
grace.

New married and young, girls, lovers  
that kneel,

Dancers and jugglers that turn the  
wheel,

Needle sharp, quick as a dart each one;  
Voiced like the bells midst the hills  
that peal.

Will you leave him like this—the poor  
Villon?

Singers who sing without law your  
lay,

Laughing and jovial in words and  
ways,

Feather-brained folk, yet always gay,  
Who run without coin good or bad  
your race.

You have left him too long who is  
dying apace,

Makers of ballads for tongues to reel,  
Where lightning shews not nor breezes  
steal,

Too late you will praise him when he  
is gone.

Around whom the walls are like bands  
of steel,

Will you leave him like this—the poor  
Villon?

Come hither and gaze on his disarray,  
Nobles who know not the tax-man's  
face,

Who homage to kings nor emperors  
pay,

Only to God in His Paradise.

Behold him who Sundays and holidays  
Fasts till like rakes his teeth reveal.

Who after crusts but never a meal  
Water must suck till his belly's a tun.  
With stool nor bed for his back's ap-  
peal,

Will you leave him like this—the poor  
Villon?

ENVOI.

Princes, young, or whom years con-  
geal,

A pardon I pray with the royal seal;  
Then holst me in basket the earth  
upon.

So even will swine for each other feel,  
And rush to help at the hurt one's  
squeal;

Will you leave him like this—the poor  
Villon?

RONDEL.

Good year! good week! good day!  
Health, joy and honor with you stay,  
From Better's door to Best pass  
through,

And joy in love may God give you.  
And for a new year's gift, I pray,

A lady than Helaine more gay,  
Whose purse may always gold display;

Live long without age touching you.  
Good year! good week! good day!

And when you leave this earthly way  
May heavenly joy your heart repay  
When caught up to the heavenly blue,  
Where one may find the only true  
Bliss, without pain or sorrow grey.  
Good year! good week! good day!

**BALLADE OF VANISHED LORDS.**

And more—that Pope the third Calixte  
Last of his name, where is he gone,  
Who four years held the Papalist?  
Where's Alphonse King of Arragon?  
The gracious lord duke of Bourbon,  
And Artus duke of broad Bretagne,  
And Charles the seventh named "Le  
Bon"?

But where is now brave Charlemagne!

Also that Scottish king of mist  
And rain, with half his face, saith one,  
Vermillion like an amethyst,  
Painted from chin right up to crown.  
The Cyprian king of old renown,  
Alas! and that good king of Spain,  
Whose name hath from my memory  
flown,

But where is now brave Charlemagne!

I say no more let me desist  
In useless quest of things undone,  
For none may pallid Death resist  
Or find in law evasion.<sup>1</sup>

One question more and I have done,  
Where's Lancelot ruler of Behaigne,  
With Sigismund, beneath what sun?  
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

**ENVOI.**

Where's Claquin now the good Breton,  
Where's the count Dauphin D'Au-  
vergne,

<sup>1</sup> This is the true translation, also Sigismund does not appear in the original, but he was the person referred to.

The Fortnightly Review.

The last good duke D'Alençon?  
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

**BALLADE OF VANISHED LADIES**

Now tell me in what land is she  
The Roman Flora, and again,  
Where Thais fair, and fair as she,  
Hyppachia, cousins once germane.  
Where's Echo, heard where rings the  
rain

On meer, and where the river flows,  
Whose beauty hath no mortal stain?  
But where are now the last year's  
snows!

Where is the most learned Heloise,  
For whom, cast forth with manhood  
slain,

Pierre Abellard at Saint Denys  
Suffered through love such grievous  
pain.

Also the Queen who in her reign  
Gave orders Buridan to close  
Within a sack flung to the Seine?  
But where are now the last year's  
snows!

The Queen Blanche like a white lily  
Voiced like a syren of the main,  
Berthe broad foot, Beatrix, Alys,  
And Haremburges who held Mayne;  
And Joan the good maid of Lorraine,  
At Rouen burnt by English foes,  
Queen Virgin! where do these remain?  
But where are now the last year's  
snows!

Prince ask me not this week in vain  
Where are they, nor this year that  
goes,

—Or take for answer the refrain,  
But where are now the last year's  
snows!

*Henry de Vere Stacpoole.*

**FROM AN ISLINGTON WINDOW. II.\***

**I.**

That Islington window! What a  
microcosm did I get cognizance of  
through its dozen moderately sized  
panes! Rapture and dismay, love and  
abhorrence, glorification and contempt

\* The Living Age, Dec. 21, 1912.

—all the passions that stir humanity  
and make up the sum-total of life were  
here brought within ken. We talk at  
random of the great world, as if men  
and women were fashioned by circum-  
stance and not by character, as if indeed  
the stage formed the actors and not

the actors the stage. For those who had eyes to see and ears to hear, tragedy and comedy were enacted before us from January to December. This single street afforded ample scope for a second *Comédie Humaine* (*tragédie* were the more appropriate word) in twenty-five, or another "Pickwick" series in twenty-one, volumes.

The little drama in three acts I am about to relate belongs to what is called the Mid-Victorian period, but remains in my memory fresh as an occurrence of yesterday.

On a certain summer morning, then, our thoroughfare from end to end became infected with mysterious transport, a veritable contagion of rejoicing was in the air. No peals announced a Royal Birth, Wedding, or General Holiday. Every object wore its accustomed aspect; yet, metaphorically speaking, trumpets blared, bands played, bells rang, and flags waved. A meaning look was in the face of our City men as they interchanged a brisk "good day." One, indeed—Mr. Robinson of Number Ten—who had never been known to close his door five minutes earlier or later during the week, actually lingered as if it were Boxing Day or Whit-Monday, and the clock was of no account. Mr. Thomson, of Number Fifteen, potted in his tiny front garden pretending to trim his two standard roses. Mr. Brown, of Number Twenty—no relation to our former acquaintance, the portly churchwarden—halted to read his newspaper when half-way down the street. Mr. Green, his next-door neighbor, by some contrariety or other, could not get his pipe comfortably alight, and cast away one match after another.

When fairly off, all glanced before and behind them as they sauntered along. Wives and daughters peered discreetly between their white muslin curtains; maids-of-all-work loitered

over the daily doorstep cleaning; butchers' boys and other youthful wags interchanged five-fingered signals; not a soul but was on the alert, taking part in some local jubilation.

The according bells of a dozen churches had just chimed nine when two four-wheeled cabs slowly turned the corner and stopped at Number Thirty-nine, a midway house on the opposite side and well within eye-shot of our own.

Those two shabby vehicles produced a magical effect and were evidently what folks had been looking for. Their appearance seemed to evoke a collective sigh of relief; yet no white favors heralded a wedding, and no police officers suggested mystery.

Of course we knew something of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones, who occupied Number Thirty-nine. Dick and Alf Jones used to play with our boys and their sisters in the street after school hours. Our butcher and baker served them, our mangling woman called for their house-linen, our Wesleyan maid accompanied theirs to chapel on Sundays. Our family doctor attended the fragile-looking wife who every year added a member to the household; and although we did not visit, we were on "how-d'ye-doing" terms. Our own City man used to chat with "poor Charley Jones" (as the other was latterly called) on their bus drive to Aldermanbury. The adjective implied an additional struggle in order to keep up appearances, pay the schooling of four children, and remain solvent on less than three hundred a year. But there had seemed no call for especial sympathy until a few months before.

"A nice surprise that on coming home tired to death," had said Charley to a fellow-clerk one February morning of this year. "Worse than Emmie being taken unawares and a fellow having to fetch nurse and doctor at

midnight, and with snow an inch thick on the ground, eh?"

So saying, he brought out a telegram and, with a grimace and well-affected pomposity, read as follows:

*"Croy Junction, five forty-five. Bolingbroke (my superior brother-in-law) to Jones. Give us all beds for the night. Post secured South."*

Since the reception of that terrible missive just sixteen weeks before, four extra beds and a baby's cot had been in request at Number Thirty-nine, four extra covers laid at every meal, besides a bottled and voracious bantling of nine months to be supplied with milk; there were also a canary and a pet dog to be catered for—part and parcel of the Bolingbroke family—the invasion reducing our honest neighbors almost to beggary—or Bedlam!

The cruel situation from matter of daily talk became a local scandal.

"Humph!" exclaimed our baker. "That fine gent who has plumped himself down with his upstarts on poor Mrs. Jones must have a hot roll for breakfast—and it doesn't choke him! Wonderful are the ways of Providence."

"True as my name is Arabella Martin and I was married in church," our washerwoman would confide in Louisa, "that there lot at Thirty-nine—their washing—Mrs. B.'s white slips and Mr. B.'s frilled shirt-fronts, and the brats' laced pinnies are enough to break the Bank of England. I should like to turn the rubbish, all on their last legs, into the New River and Mister after them."

How matters stood we could see clearly from our windows. Each intruder was daily within sight; one and all, down to Gyp, the knowing little spaniel, being evidently quite unconscious of unwelcomeness. With poor Charley Jones' step-family, the traditional order of things was reversed. Here the alien and usurping half got

all the cakes and ale—the original and legitimate were sat upon.

One wanted no particulars concerning Mr. Marmaduke Bolingbroke and his story. All who ran could read both. But for unmistakable signs of most carefully warded-off wear and tear, the tall, erect, consequential figure would have been in full fig—surtout of perfect cut, trousers faultless both as to pattern and material, black satin stock that might have been worn by a Harley Street specialist, and so on. His appearance, although a trifle shabby-genteel, added to great dignity of carriage, always inspired respect—among strangers—especially as a little fad might indicate penuriousness rather than want. On the fourth finger of his white well-shaped left hand glittered a diamond ring. And so embittered had become the general feeling against the wearer that more than one neighbor longed to imitate Simon Peter smiting off Malchus' ear—in other words, to sacrifice that white finger and turn its diamond into money for the impoverished Jones household.

There was another little incident that drove folks well-nigh frantic with indignation. The Sunday joint at Number Thirty-nine, as from the top to the bottom of the street, was always served cold on the two or three following days. But of late on Monday and Tuesday mornings, regularly as clock-work, a prime mutton-chop had been deposited at the opposite area door, and when Emmie Jones, with her sister and the children, sat down to their cold boiled beef and potatoes, up would come Mary Ann with Mr. Bolingbroke's chop under cover. As we took our own seats for the midday meal in the opposite dining-room we used to see the superior brother-in-law enter a minute later, tuck his dinner-napkin—the only person indulged with such a luxury—under his chin, remove the cover with a flourish and deliberately



and remorselessly degustate. The tragic-comic little scene was inimitable.

Yet more than one observer of human nature from a window would come to the conclusion that, after all, Mr. Bolingbroke was by far the properest object of commiseration. A phase of heredity, hitherto neglected by philosophers and tragedians, a version of "What's in a name?"—had wrecked his own career and poisoned the lives of those belonging to him. Alike airs and graces, mutton-chop and dinner-napkin were accounted for by the historic patronymic and titular *fleur-de-lis*. That terrible but seriously taken heritage, as we afterwards learned, was also answerable for years of shift struggle and parasitic habits. The poor man had not the slightest objection to maintaining his family, but it must be in a genteel, rather gentlemanly way, by means of a post, not of a situation, behind an office table, not a counter. Above all things, employment must be commensurate with the "Esq." of letters received and the heraldic seal on his own; his services must be paid by "emoluments," not "salary," to say nothing of the plebeian word "wages." Post after post had failed, as he put it, to give his peculiar abilities free scope. One employer after another had failed to recognize those highly valued gifts; at the end of ten years, desperation on the part of friends, beggary on his own, had brought about a climax, a long stop.

By the greatest good luck, a "secretaryship," as Mr. Bolingbroke called it—that is to say, the post of clerk—had now been secured for him in the flourishing new settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand. Friends and relations had zealously made up a purse. Berths were secured for the family in the *Arethusa*, lying off Blackwall, and to sail forthwith.

And such was the astounding news that had spread like wildfire through

our little colony, that had metaphorically made flags fly, trumpets blare, and bands play from one end of our long street to the other on this summer morning.

You see, no one ever expected such a man as Mr. Bolingbroke and his belongings to be got rid of in this world. The least incredulous had snapped their fingers and shaken their heads at the rumored good tidings. But the appearance of the two cabs settled the matter. All doubts were now at an end. Christian was to cast his bundle, Sinbad his Old Man of the Sea, at last!

Then took place a scene of final leave-taking that none who witnessed would ever forget.

The prospect of life-long separation from these relations had positively unwrinkled poor Charley Jones and his wife, and, like the recording angel's tear, had also wiped away every reproach. Radiant as bride and bridegroom—or rich legatees—they now bustled about, at the last moment thinking of a dozen little extras for the seafarers. Nor were their children less in a seventh heaven. That night Dick and Alfie and their sisters would sleep in their own little beds and not upon sofas and folding-chairs. On the following Saturday, so they fondly hoped, they would receive their pocket-money of a penny a week in full instead of having to halve it with their cousins. The little girls were also in high glee at the thought that dolls, picture-books, and puzzles would once more seem their own and not perpetually be borrowed by Althea and Georgiana, their aristocratic cousins.

One and all had suffered too much to simulate regret. One and all did not know how to show their gratitude for deliverance. So when the mended and re-mended portmanteaus and the much-travelled trunks, nailed and covered with cow-hide, were hoisted up, and both cabs groaned under

their cargoes, came extra upon extra.

"To wear on deck, dear," Emmie got out and wrapped round her sister's neck the white knitted shawl worn after her yearly "coming downstairs."

"No, no," faintly remonstrated the other, but of course let Emmie have her way.

The sisters, as we learned afterwards, had remained staunch to each other throughout these later tribulations, only Mr. Bolingbroke dividing them. For the wife, alike the name and the *fleur-de-lis* had proved irresistible—she could only see through her husband's eyes.

Next, having whispered a word in Emmie's ear, Charley rushed indoors, returning with the battered perambulator that had done duty for so many babies and would doubtless be needed, if left, for as many more. That crowning sacrifice was also accepted with milk-and-water demur, no less so the half-sovereign slipped into Mrs. Bolingbroke's gloved hand by her sister, the packet of cigars thrust into her husband's pocket by his now affectionate brother-in-law, and, one afterthought on the heels of another from the children—reluctantly parted with picture-book, toy or cake, apple or peppermint-drops!

But at last the lading was over. The two crazy vehicles were so full that they positively could not hold another thimbleful. Into one cab were packed the two boys with Gyp, the spaniel, and Tot, the canary. Into the second were installed the little girls and the baby; then Mr. Bolingbroke in brand-new nautical suit of fine blue serge, across his shoulder hanging an equally brand-new binocular, stepped forward and removed the yachting-cap, so new that the latter's ticket had not been removed, fastened to a button by an elastic band.

"Sorry to say good-bye to you all for ever, but one must keep up one's

spirits," he said, gallantly stooping to kiss his sister-in-law's hand.

But poor Emmie threw herself into her sister's arms, weeping tears of pure joy. Charley patted Bolingbroke on the shoulder with quite a brotherly air and without any attempt to conceal his intense delight.

The elegant yachtsman took his seat and—all the neighbors looking on agape—the two heavily laden cabs started for Blackwall.

## II.

No sooner had the wheels turned the corner, and before Charley Jones, treading on air, was off to business, and Dick and Alf after a loud "Hip, hip, hooray!" were on their way to school, Number Thirty-nine presented the appearance of a ship careening. Doors and windows were flung wide, curtains and muslin blinds taken down; a glazier was busily replacing broken windows, a broker's trolley was being piled with the bed-chairs, knives, forks, and other articles hired four months earlier, a washerwoman was soap-sudding sheets and pillow-cases in the scullery—the little back garden soon being full of linen out to dry. Meantime, from our windows, we could see Emmie and her maid, aided by a "char," turning out the bedrooms from which they had been so ruthlessly ousted. Throughout the long May-day calking and careening went on; and all so untiringly, with such carolling and unaffected delight! For the first time that year did we hear poor Mrs. Jones singing about the house.

But the baby and her pram?

All the neighbors were perhaps more interested in the mite of nine months bereft of her carriage than in any other member of the family. Great then was our own satisfaction when Louisa rushed in as we sat down to

our midday dinner with the cry:

"A pram has come to Thirty-nine. Mrs. Barnes of Twenty-five—whose youngest is going four.

And pleasant it was in the afternoon to see mother and baby as usual starting for a round. By tea-time, things opposite had quieted down. What with the glazier, the broker's man, the "char" and the washerwoman, normal conditions were now restored. The regained bedchamber of master and mistress was ready for them, the elder boys would once more have their little room to themselves, and the younger children their nursery. Clean curtains had been put up, carpets shaken, and blankets reeking with tobacco washed and re-washed. Mr. Bolingbroke, as we afterwards learned, always smoked in bed.

The lovely May-day was three-quarters spent. A soft slumberous calm had stolen over our street. More stilling than the lull following a thunder-storm seemed the air; but that perhaps existed in folks' imagination only, so grievously the Bolingbroke incubus had weighed upon us all. The neighboring church-clocks were on the stroke of six when Charley Jones came up the street, his step elastic as that of a man whose fortune had just been assured, his eyes beaming as those of an accepted lover, his gait that of relief too great for words. No less speaking was Emmie's face as she ran down the front steps to meet him. So childishly, irrepressibly joyous was she that, for the first time in neighbors' eyes, her lips were raised to his; but before the kiss was accorded she started back, her face blanched as that of a death-stricken woman, held up her hands in mute horror, then dropt them, inarticulate, rigid, paralyzed.

As to Charley, his first impulse was to fly. Pulling his hat over his brow, he broke from his wife with a groan—

or curse—of despair, dashed forward with maniac-like wildness, then (slowly as feet could move) retraced his steps.

In rushed our Louisa shouting:

"Good God, Ma'am, true as I stand here, Miss, they're come back!"

True enough, packed as they had set out ten hours before, up rumbled the two cabs. Out of one window perkily peeped Gyp's little black nozzle; out of another the boys stretched their hands, impatient to open and have tea. Tot, the canary, warbled cheerily from the top of the boxes; the baby smiled like a cherub over her somnific bottle; the little girls looked blithe as if returning from a day in the country; and Mr. Bolingbroke, after handing out his wife, strode forward, imperturbable, grandiloquent, as of old.

"You are perhaps surprised to see us return?" he said, confronting his former hosts, who stood petrified, not opening their lips, not holding out a hand. "As if it were likely that myself and delicately reared family should spend three months at sea, herded with the lowest of the low, pigging together, sir," he added, addressing himself to Charley. "There is no other word for it—"

Still no proffered hand, no syllable from his wife's sister and his brother-in-law.

Raising his voice, pretending not to read the aghast countenances before him, he went on:

"Good accommodation, forsooth! But Messrs. Brown, Robinson and Co., will hear from me. Their conduct is not only insulting, it is infamous! Third-class, sir!—we were steerage passengers, nothing else, and rather than reach the Antipodes like a convict I would submit to the direst privations. Driver, unload!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Charley, making a sign to the foremost cabman, placed himself

between the intruders and his front door.

"No!" he got out, pale, trembling from head to foot, oldened ten years by mental strain. "You must seek shelter elsewhere; never again under my roof."

"Man alive!" shouted the other. "Have you no heart? Will you send away your wife's sister and her helpless children like beggars from your door—?"

Emmie wept sore, but held down her head. Mrs. Bolingbroke clung to her husband's arm, thereby mutely pressing his suit. From behind the garden rails, Dick and Alf and the little Jones girls hostilely eyed their unwelcome cousins. Gyp with happy unconcern squeezed himself through the bars and, being a general favorite, got a surreptitious pat.

Firm as a rock stood Charley Jones. Long and silently endured injustice had given him sudden strength of character, evoking qualities hitherto lying dormant, and wholly changing his voice. Usually quiet and perhaps a little undecided, to-day his tones rang out hard, clear, and with something of eeriness about them, like familiar voices that are so changed when we hear them in dreams.

"A purse has been made up for you, but not for me," he went on. "During four long months we have gone short that you should all be filled. During four long months I have housed, fed and clothed you and yours at the daily sacrifice of my own. But I will no longer beggar my wife and children, I will no longer palter to your pride and idleness—"

"Enough, sir!" shouted Mr. Bolingbroke in a still louder voice. "Enough! The purse you taunt me with—though not a stiver of it is of your own giving—shall be returned—in due course—as soon as I have time to look round. As to the vaunted post and the accom-

modation so-called, offer both to some unfortunate being who can confront the last degradation without a pang—"

So saying he snatched from his breast-pocket the six third-class tickets from Blackwall to Dunedin, flinging them almost in the other's face.

Without a retort Charley picked up the scattered sheets; as he stooped to do so, leaving the front gate unsentinelled. By this time the altercation had drawn every face to the windows opposite and quite a little crowd had collected. What with Mr. Bolingbroke's stentorian voice and vehement gestures, the baby now began to cry, the younger children on either side of the rails followed her example, Gyp set up a howl, and sympathetic onlookers muttered expletives.

Holding her child, whispering something in her sister's ear, Mrs. Bolingbroke made for the door. Emmie looked at her husband with piteous appeal. Too dazed, too desperate for further effort, Charley gave no sign. The two women and baby passed in, the children at their heels, Mr. Bolingbroke erect, pompous as ever, cigar in mouth, remaining outside to supervise operations.

Bit by bit, the multifarious packages were removed, the heavier being placed within the area rails, the smaller being taken upstairs.

But before the business of unloading was fairly begun we saw Charley Jones turn his back upon his home. As if unable to witness the consternating scene he hastened down the street, at the end taking a City-ward direction, our omniscient Louisa informing us at supper, "with the face of a man ready to do for himself—or," she added, "for somebody else"; adding, "which, may the Lord forgive me, mightn't be a bad job either."

By the time curtains were drawn and lamps lighted, Number Thirtynine wore its usual appearance.

## III.

The next forty-eight hours were as full of suspensive breaks and breathless surprises as an egg is full of meat.

What had become of Charley Jones? Our Argus-eyed—as numerous eared and as apparently sleepless—Louisa declared that not a single latch-key had turned in the lock of Number Thirty-nine during the night. True enough, no Charley appeared punctually at eight-forty A. M., his never-broken hour of departure for the City. Again and again we peered out, hoping to see the familiar figure, but in vain. Dick and Alfie ran off to school as usual, “boys of course never troubling themselves about anything,” Louisa remarked, a little later, and “their pa might come to a bad end, even his own would be as innocent as babes unborn for hours, and certainly,” she added, “that there Mr. Bolingbroke and his lot were enough to drive the poor young man into the New River.”

Excepting that the door banged as the schoolboys closed it behind them, all remained quiet opposite. Not a policeman, not an intriguing unfamiliar figure rang the front bell. And—of course—the nail-studded, cowhide-covered trunks remained within the area rails.

Promising to telegraph any news he might learn at Aldermanbury of the missing Charley, our City man took leave of wife and sister-in-law and caught his accustomed bus. We could only possess our souls in patience, and hope that the afternoon *Star* would be cried in our street earlier than common.

Towards midday Mr. Bolingbroke emerged for a stroll, as had been his habit before departure. He had doffed the jauntily worn nautical suit of spick-and-span serge, the cap with its elastic string and the binocular swung across the left shoulder, for his discarded shabby broadcloth, his counte-

nance wearing a look of quite plaintive self-pity and assertiveness. Under circumstances so trying Mr. Bolingbroke was superb—one might almost say sublime; his severest critics could hardly help admiring him now, and regarding him rather as victim than victimizer.

As he strolled along, a stranger would have set down the haughty erect figure so fastidiously enjoying his cigar as some decayed gentleman not unjustly arraigning niggard Fortune, or perhaps too trying Providence. Not a vestige of malignity was traceable on his placid but much lined physiognomy. Checks upon checks only enlarged that tremendous personality—himself, Marmaduke Bolingbroke, descendant of royal stock—in his own eyes.

As we sat down to the midday dinner, our schoolboys had nothing to tell us. Had Dick and Alfie Jones mentioned their father? “Not they; why should they?” was the reply. But hardly were the boys off again before Louisa brought various items of news.

In the first place, the butcher's young man looked in, ostensibly to ask if he had forgotten to leave some beef-suet ordered the day before, but in reality to inform her that “the gent in the surtout”—the latter vocable pronounced phonetically—“must have come into some tin, for, true as I live, he has just had weighed and paid for a saddle of mutton!” So aldermanic a joint, it must be explained, was wholly unknown in our modest street, and the fact showed two things: the Bolingbroke family were settling down at Number Thirty-nine, and the purse made up for the Antipodean start was smoothing matters, at least for the nonce.

The next newsmonger was our mangle-woman who called for the tea, glass, knife and dish-cloths, always washed and dried in the back



garden by the indefatigable Louisa.

Mrs. Bolingbroke, we learned, had taken to her bed, not because she had a finger-ache, but for quiet's sake.

"The way of fine ladies when things go wrong," remarked our epigrammatic "general." "There is always a second best heaven upon earth for such as them in the four-poster upstairs. There was Mrs. Thingamy, at my last place, always abed when rent and taxes come round, till Master by hook or by crook had paid 'em."

Not long after dinner the cumbersome vehicle of a town-traveller drew up at our front gate. Whether or no such representatives of big drapery and millinery establishments to this day handle whip and reins as the latest new goods are sampled from one end of London to the other, I know not. At the time I write of, the necessary qualifications of a town-traveller were those of twentieth-century chauffeurs—i. e. good eyesight, acute hearing, and expertness in avoiding what were called "close shaves."

As the driver now threw the reins to the porter beside him and sprang from his high perch, we recognized an associate of our City man, by name Jim Rutter, a good fellow enough and a bit of a Jehu. He had once—by pure accident, so the verdict ran—knocked down and fatally hurt a child, which sorely weighed upon the poor fellow's spirits. Day after day he looked in, when business was over, for a word of cheer and a glass of rum and water. Of course we knew at once what his errand was now, and he, being politest of the polite, let us know that, whilst partaking of our anxiety, he was capable of velling confidences.

"No, thank you, ladies, can't sit down a minute; ought to be this very instant at Peckam Rye, such a demand this fine weather for straw hats! But our buyer asked me just to look in and say that he saw a party you are

anxious about this morning, and though he looked like a bloke out of luck, he ate his dinner at the usual place, opposite Evans's supper-rooms. A glass of beer? No, thank you, Ma'am. Don't trouble, ladies—well, as you are so pressing, and as I'm dry as a toad in last year's mud, I won't say no."

For the moment, then, our fears regarding Charley were set at rest, and towards tea-time the sight of Emmie proved still more reassuring. Perhaps Mr. Bolingbroke's generously opened purse partly accounted for her composure. Maybe, also, Charley had sent a promise of return and reconciliation with his terrible Old Man of the Sea.

Anyhow about four o'clock (her side of the street being more in the shade) there she was as usual, resignedly pushing the perambulator, the two babies, twins in age and appearance, crowding at each other, face to face. Mrs. Bolingbroke had always accompanied her sister on these strolls, a little nursemaid, hired by the day, making a third. Doubtless by Charley's orders this extra expense had been cut off.

But before nightfall came a painful thrill. Our Louisa was not only ubiquitous: like Socrates she seemed to be directed by some inner monitor; upon the present occasion, this secret voice directing her steps to the very point where news was to be had.

Charley's latch-key had not turned the lock when it was nearing bedtime. He was not coming back, Louisa said.

The street running parallel to our own had almost an avenue of laburnums and lilacs in the front gardens. Before supper Louisa always took, as she called it, an airing thereabouts—in other words, a few minutes' stroll, ostensibly to smell the blossoms, presumably to bid her sweetheart, the greengrocer's young man, good-night. An honest damsel never walked, but

she loved running about, and picking up unconsidered trifles.

Upon this occasion she returned with a panic-stricken face. The greengrocer's young man was clean forgotten.

"There they were, Sir! there they were, Ma'am! there they were, Miss!" she got out breathlessly, turning from master and mistress to their inmate, "Mr. and Mrs. Jones pacing up and down the next street, arm in arm, talking almost in a whisper. And as I slipped past, unbeknown (for that side of the street was dark, and I wasn't going to hang about and pry) I heard him repeat—"There is no other way, Emmie, no other way"—I can't tell you how it was, Sir, but I felt that gulpy you might have knocked me down with a split straw."

And so saying—for the good girl had a feeling heart and a vivid imagination—she began to weep. Again she firmly believed that our poor neighbor was bent upon something too desperate for words. We tried to reassure her; and after all, what could Charley's words mean but the pursuance of his present course? He was not going to return home so long as the usurper remained in possession. Emmie would receive from him the exact cost of her own and her children's subsistence, not a farthing more, by such means ridding himself of Mr. Bolingbroke and his family. Louisa's dark surmises were not for a moment to be entertained. The morrow sure enough would vindicate our calmer judgment.

Precisely at the statutory hour Dick and Alf gaily bounded off to school. A little later the Bolingbroke boys and girls set out for a preparatory establishment nearer home, to which, on arriving four months before, they had been obligingly admitted by the week. Alike within and without, everything seemed to follow the daily routine. At his accustomed hour Mr. Bolingbroke

sallied forth, daintily whiffing his cigar, boots polished, surtout carefully brushed, black-satin stock and shining white rim of a collar adjusted with the utmost nicety, diamond ring sparkling, if possible, more than ever.

A quarter of an hour later he returned, on his heels following a grocer's lad with a piled-up basket. Pausing to see the goods delivered at the area door, one by one a Stilton cheese, Suffolk ham, japanned tin of tea, sugar-loaf and a pot of Scotch marmalade were taken out. The proud purchaser then tossed a sixpence into the empty basket, and, without waiting to be thanked, again set out. The little transaction was plain as pikestaff. Whilst awaiting "a post in every respect commensurate with his birth, talents and bringing up," Mr. Bolingbroke's purse—till emptied—was to prove a sop to Cerberus, calming Emmie's fears and shutting her husband's mouth. And after all, so long as he kept things going, in other words, and so generously acted the part of purveyor, how could his brother-in-law turn him and his adrift? The duel between them, and ensuing complications, like more serious things, would fizzle out. Charley's speech referred, perhaps, to selling Emmie's piano and a few spare things.

So at least we made up our minds, as housewife and authoress settled down to the morning's soothing avocations. The first busied herself with sock and stocking darning in the little back parlor in the basement; myself, with a nearly finished novel, in the tiny half drawing-room over her head which was divided from the front half by folding doors. I had here indeed a pleasant and—whilst the children were at school—a tranquil study. The hinder windows of this wide well-built street and the one running alongside looked upon gardens facing each other; the greenery, despite fluttering linen,

affording a pretty and restful background. The towels and other white pieces as they waved in the sunlight would remind me of fishing-boat sails in a jumpy sea.

The darning-needle and the quill were in full swing when both were instantaneously let fall by Louisa's strident cry.

"Ma'am, Miss!" she shouted from an upper chamber. "Just look opposite!"

We both scurried to the front windows and behind our curtains stared agape as bantlings at the transformation scene of a pantomime.

The dun-colored façade of Number Thirty-nine was rapidly disappearing under large sheets of black-and-white posters, headed as follows:

TO LET.—Immediate Possession.  
Enquire Within. Sale by Public  
Auction of Household Effects,  
etc., etc., etc.

So much we could read by the unassisted eye, but before the three of us had time to put two and two together, mistress and maid were summoned below by butcher and baker. Only myself remained behind the curtain. And before the bill-sticker had fairly started with his pot of paste and roll of posters, I saw Mr. Bolingbroke's nonchalant figure approaching.

More nonchalant than ever he appeared just then, as he sauntered along, in his hands a morning paper, his eyes as usual running over the advertisements. Ever on the look-out for some such notice as "Wanted immediately, a gentleman of education and good address. Emoluments liberal," it was the outer sheet of a newspaper that made up his reading. To-day the long lists of closely printed "Situations Vacant" must have been more than ordinarily absorbing. Without so much as noticing the placards, conspicuous although they were, he reached the familiar door. Habit, however, be-

comes a physical, as well as a mental, second nature. All at once, his pace slackening mechanically, merely bestowing a glance on the staring columns of white and black and imagining that he had gone too far, he now retraced his steps. Then, evidently assured that he had not gone far enough, he advanced a few yards. Utterly at a loss he now backed, and, facing Number Thirty-nine, eyed the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* written on its walls.

The most longsuffering of Mr. Bolingbroke's victims must have pitied him at this juncture. Positively reeling with sheer astoundment, he now turned about and steadying himself by the lamp-post looked to right and left in dazed vindictive indecision.

As he halted thus we could see his face—not that of a gamester who has lost his last stake, not that of a culprit whose conscience is awakened by a just sentence; rather the countenance opposite suggested the bitterest arraigner of friends and fortune, one on whom has fallen a staggering blow from unexpected hands, the cruellest cut of all from legitimate upholders.

Recovering himself, desperately, as Charley Jones had fled from the self-same door two days before, he now crossed the road and dived down a side-street, his very last appearance in our neighborhood. A little later, bit by bit, the nail-dotted, cowhide-covered trunks and other Bolingbroke belongings were fetched away by the greengrocer; immediately afterwards following a silent sulky little procession. One and all (excluding baby in its loaned, or, likelier still, bestowed pram, Gyp, and the canary) wore Mr. Bolingbroke's look of sorely aggrieved desert, and none turned back to wave hand or handkerchief. It was a veritable funeral train!

And Charley Jones's "There is no other way!" now needed no expli-

tion. He had decided to sell himself up as the only possible means of shaking off his Old Man of the Sea. The span of the known globe must be placed between himself and his terrible brother-in-law.

Those steerage tickets to a New Zealand port so scornfully thrown to the winds by Mr. Bollingbroke, on hands and knees so carefully collected by himself, were as Sibylline leaves, drafts upon the future.

On turning away aghast from the returned cab-loads two nights before, he had taken the last train to Black-wall, and finding that the *Arethusa* would not sail for three days, and having assured himself that the accommodation, if rough, was consistent with decency and good report, had transferred the six tickets to himself and family. Obtaining a shake-down on the premises of his employers, he then telegraphed his decision to Emmie, enjoining secrecy. By noon on the following morning all was arranged, his situation given up—the head of the firm regretfully presenting him with a handsome check—his goods and chattels placed under control of a well-established broker, and minor matters thoroughly gone into, not a single item being forgotten.

The Cornhill Magazine.

So, two days later, a covered van and a cabful conveyed our neighbors to the Docks, and Number Thirty-nine was shut up.

I quitted Islington a little later for a course of many months' study in Paris. None of us ever heard any more of the Bollingbrokes or Joneses. But there are certain horoscopes which may be drawn with almost mathematical certainty.

That man and that woman who can seize a bull by the horns, we need be in no doubt about. Place them where you will, they are sure to live their lives despite obstructions, and finally vindicate their individualities. Out of a harrowing ordeal Charley Jones had emerged triumphant. Doubtless his sons and grandsons at this day are among the worthiest and most valuable citizens of the colony that they helped to make.

Nor is Mr. Bollingbroke's future dark to an experienced observer. In the mind's eye we see him and his children slowly and surely sliding down the social scale, never halting till the lowest rung is reached, till husband, wife, sons and daughters have joined the numberless host of the Wastrels!

M. Betham-Edwards.

## "METHODS OF BARBARISM."

There were stretches of sand and dry mud down in the river-bed, and here the horses were collected under cover. Although the mist had been almost dispersed by the sun, which had now been up for some little time, it still clung to the surface of the sluggish river and curled off it like steam, making the water look warm and almost inviting to the horseholders shivering in the shade on the east side.

Quite a brisk action was going on somewhere on a level with the top of the thirty-foot banks, and the fighting was not far off. But its direction could not easily be located, for the sound of the firing was caught between the slopes and reverberated from one to the other in such a way that each report merely prolonged the echo of the last, until the hollow river-bed was filled by a continuous din apparently proceeding from every

quarter. Against this almost solid background of noise the coughing and champing of bits close by were hardly noticeable. The horses, however, were standing comparatively still. It was too cold and too early for the plague of flies that would swarm down here three hours later.

The Major commanding the squadron of dragoons engaged—also the commander of the expedition sent out to destroy Van Niekerk's farm, which had been such a nest of snipers—had just galloped along the sheltered riverbed from the firing line in front, now so busy covering the work of demolition.

"Mr. Digby back yet?" he asked, without dismounting.

"No, sir," said the corporal, who came forward. He looked round, then corrected himself—"Just coming now, sir."

Down the bank, dodging between the bushes, ran a subaltern of the same regiment, in great haste.

"Well?" inquired the commander. He also was in a hurry, and did not wait till the youngster reached the bottom of the slope.

"Holt says that he'll have the whole place down in ten minutes, sir. He's fixing it up now."

"Good. I can give him ten minutes comfortably. Anything else before I go back?"

"While I was on that knoll up above, I saw something through the bushes on the top of the other bank which looked like another building. It must have been hidden by the scrub or the farm as we came along. If you don't want me for a few minutes I'll get across and find out what it is. You can't see it from here," he added as the Major looked upwards across the river.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"All right. Isn't that a boat of sorts over there?"

"Yes: must be a ferry worked by this rope," replied Digby, pointing to a thinish hawser which stretched from a rough holdfast down into the water.

"Well, bring it across if you can; but don't waste any time. Report to me here. I shall be back by the time Holt's finished." The Major cantered off again with his orderly.

Within a minute the young dragoon was stripped naked. Before another thirty seconds had passed he had tied his magazine pistol on the top of his smasher hat with the pugaree. Inside two minutes he had waded carefully upstream through the shallow water and was swimming a steady breast-stroke, head well up, amidst the wisps of mist which seemed to enwreath him. The horse-holders, who had not heard the conversation, watched his progress with interest.

"Wonder what 'e's after?"

"Shouldn't be surprised if there wasn't some of these stinkin' crocodiles in the river."

There were only forty yards or so of deep water in the shrunken stream, for it was December, but, sluggish though the current looked, it was strong enough to carry the swimmer some distance down stream, and it was several yards below the boat that he landed. As he crossed the flat sand on the far side he took off his hat, untied the pugaree, and whipped the pistol from the holster in which he had carried it for fear of any accidental touch on the trigger. Then, in the still slanting rays of the sun which flooded the west bank, his white body could be seen flashing in and out from behind the bushes as he climbed the slope.

"I hope there's a bit of a path yonder, anyway," said the corporal, who had quietly seized his rifle and made two men do the same, in case of neces-



sity—a precaution which the young officer for all his zeal, had forgotten to arrange. "Them thorn bushes 'll make a fair picture of 'im, else."

The white body disappeared, completely swallowed up in the mass of scrub which hid the upper part of the bank, and for five minutes there was nothing on the sunlit sandy slope with its covering mantle of grey bushes to catch the eyes of the watchers. And no sound came from beyond it.

Then there was again movement amongst the topmost bushes, again a glint of white. The three men gripped their rifles. But there was no need to use them; and in two minutes the explorer was stepping out of the boat, which had grounded in the shallows. As he splashed ashore the Major returned.

"Well?" It was his formula.

"Small house fifty yards beyond edge of bank," panted the dripping subaltern. "Ought to be destroyed if we've time, sir. It's just in a line with the farm and our camp, and when the farm is blown up they'll be able to snipe us from it. There are four small rooms."

"I'll turn Holt on to it as soon as he's done the farm. Hope he won't have used up all his gun-cotton."

Digby was a curious figure as he stood there with chattering teeth, making his report. His clothing consisted of a hat—the pistol and pugaree were in the boat—and some mud which came half way up his shins and took the place of socks. And as he talked he unthinkingly wiped the black slime from the rope off his hands by rubbing them on his body and thighs. By the time he had finished he was striped like a ringhals.

"Oh, and there's a decrepit old fossil of a Boer and a small boy in the house. They'll have to be brought away."

"Yes. Holt will do that. You'd better get on your kit."

The Major dismounted and started to climb up the bank.

Meanwhile, not sixty yards away, up on the top, on this side, was the said Holt—subaltern in charge of the small party of sappers employed in preparing to blow up Van Niekerk's farm. At the precise moment when Comrade Digby of the cavalry was climbing naked into the boat to return from the far side of the river, Holt was kneeling on the floor in a corner of one of the small front rooms of the farm. After straightening out something which looked like a three-foot length of shiny black sash cord, and carefully turning up its end, he weighted it down with a brickbat. He then crawled across the floor over a miscellaneous litter of battered meat-tins, a sheepskin or two, bones, paper, and the empty brown cardboard cases in which Mauser ammunition is packed, to the doorless opening leading to the central chamber of the building. There were five rooms in the farm,—a large central room which ran from back to front, and four small ones opening off it, two on each side, That in which Holt was groping about was in front of the north-east corner. As he stood up in the thickness of the wall in the doorway the reason of his squirming over the filth-covered floor suddenly became clear. There was a smack; and in the back wall of the room, just opposite the window opening, about breast-high, there appeared a fresh star in the coarse plaster, and on the floor underneath grew up a little heap of white powder. It was like a conjuring trick. Many such wounds disfigured the wall, and there were several little heaps on the floor, for the window directly faced the enemy who were shooting so merrily.

Holt had decided to place a gun-cotton charge in each of the five rooms

of the building. They were to be fired as simultaneously as possible with the means at his disposal, and had therefore been fitted with equal lengths of safety fuse to allow one minute. He himself had laid one and had deputed the preparation of the others to four of his men. When all were ready he was to give the word, and each man would at once light up. To avoid accidents, so soon as his fuse was ignited each man was at once to sing out his name and leave the building. If the whistle sounded all were to bolt immediately.

From his coln of vantage in the thickness of the doorway Holt could watch three of his men; but he could not see him who was working in the back room behind his own, and it was there that he had placed his sergeant. Time was getting on. He raised his voice to make sure of being heard above the noise and shouted "All ready?"

"No, sir!" roared out the sapper in the front room facing Holt as he stood. He was nervous, and had fumbled.

"All right, Bastow, take it easy," said Holt. He knew Bastow's disposition. Besides, it was ticklish work for a young soldier who was doing the real thing for the first time, especially as the bullets were every moment starring the wall not six feet from his head. The worst thing that could be done was to hustle, and yet there was need for haste. Holt consulted his wrist watch. Then, while he waited, he idly swept some of the mess on the floor to one side with his foot. The place was horrible to look at. Besides the rubbish and offal which lay all round—the legacy of the burghers who had used the house as a convenient outpost—there was nothing. All the furniture had been removed or burnt, and the doorways were innocent of doors and the window-openings of

frames. When he had given Bastow another half minute Holt again spoke.

"All ready now?"

This time there was no dissent.

"Prepare to light."

"Light."

Holt gripped his whistle between his teeth and ran crouching back to his own corner. He knelt down, pulled a matchbox from his pocket, and listened. Before he fired his own charge, in order to give the men a start, he intended to wait until the first of them signalled that he had lighted up.

After a very few seconds a shout rang through the house—"Stewart; burning." This was the sergeant. Holt at once looked at his watch. The minute would count from now. He then struck a fusee, and seizing the end of the fuse in his left hand, held it firm while he deliberately pressed the glowing head against it. The thing spat out a small jet of sparks and a spurt of thin blue smoke, and Holt laid it down tenderly, then crawled back to the doorway to wait for the others.

As he stood he could hear in the corner behind him a hissing like that of an angry snake. It was not a pleasant noise, for there was such a thing as faulty or perished fuse, and the slowly travelling fire might go out altogether or, what was more exciting, might flash straight down to the detonator. And it was with impatience that Holt watched the now jumpy Bastow, who could do nothing right. First he made several efforts to strike his fusee on the side of its head instead of on the bright red tip, as he had been trained. Then he rubbed it so savagely that it broke.

There was a second cry, "Stephens; burning," and the sapper at the back of the central room crawled out. Time was slipping by, and Holt itched to dart across and take over the bung-

ler's job; but he could not, for there was still one other man left in the room behind him; and he dared not speak.

The luckless Bastow had now actually succeeded in striking a "Vesuvian," but he had grown more and more flurried, and now was trying to dab it on to the fuse without holding the latter steady. Of course it dodged about and eluded his rather shaky hand. But, nervous as he was, he was full of grit, and if left alone would probably have gone on trying till he was killed by the detonation of the other charges.

By now thirty seconds had passed, and Holt seriously feared that he would have to blow his whistle. The suspense was so great that he could not stand still, and was executing a noiseless step-dance in his corner.

"Hayes; burning," echoed through the farm, and a third figure stole out.

Holt lost no time. Still crouching, he pounced on to the sweating Bastow, seized him by the shoulder, and hissed "Clear out." "*Crawl!*" he roared, as the man stood up to his full height and began to run, oblivious of bullets.

He then made one effort to fire the thing himself. He failed to do so, and saw that the end of the fuse had been rubbed in the dirt or squeezed. There was no time for re-cutting. He dropped the thing, squirmed from the room, past the smoking charge at the back of the central chamber, and slunk out of the house.

And it was none too soon, for as he raced across the open towards the river-bank whither his detachment had preceded him the first charge went off. He felt the air quiver at the back of his neck, and sundry stones whizzed past him.

"One," he muttered, staggering on.

As he dived over the brow of the bank he almost fell on to the Major,

who was laboriously climbing upwards.

"Well? I was wondering how much longer you were going to be. Six men have been hit, and several horses. They're collecting like hornets now. Shall have to move very soon."

The subaltern was listening too intently for further signs of his handiwork to pay due attention to what his senior said, and he made no reply. There was a second loud detonation, and a blast of small stones swept through the scrub up above.

"Two," he counted.

"That's all right, then," said the commander, and proceeded to clamber up over the edge.

"Hold on!" shrieked Holt, grasping him unceremoniously. "There are two more." At that moment there was a third report, and a heavy body snarled past overhead, smashing its way through the bushes, and fell into the water with a splash.

"Three," he remarked solemnly, holding up his hand to enjoin silence, as if the sound of the explosions might otherwise escape notice. There was now a longer interval; and the eyes of the two officers and those of the orderly close by were fixed in that steady, vague, unseeing stare which shows that hearing is the sense upon which attention is concentrated. As the suspense was prolonged Holt cocked his head on one side like a listening parrot, and his expression grew anxious.

Another detonation rang out.

"Four," he gasped in a tone of relief.

"That's right now, sir. May have to pick a bit of wall down, but that won't take long."

"Look here, Holt, I'm afraid there's another house to be demolished. Have you any stuff left?"

"Not much—about eight slabs, I should say. I didn't know there was to be anything else, and I've been a bit lavish."

"I know. It is not your fault in any way. Point is—can you do anything with your slabs?"

"What sort of a house? Can I have a look at it?"

"'Fraid not. No time. It's out of sight, on the other side. Digby's been over and found a small four-roomed house fifty yards from the river, sort of *beiwohner's* shanty. Well—what is it?" he added to a breathless orderly who had just climbed up towards him, leading his horse.

"From Captain Wheeler, sir."

The Major tore open a note.

"All right. Wait a minute."

He turned back to Holt.

"Wheeler says he can't stick it more than seven or eight minutes. They're getting round to our left a bit, across the river. I'll give you eight minutes before we fall back. Just nip over with what stuff you have, and do your best with the shanty. We shall retire the same way we came. Remember that they're over on that side now—probably some way off, though. Don't get scuppered."

Sending one of his men to collect the unexpended material and take it down to the river to await his arrival, Holt led the others up to the pile of *débris* and cloud of dust which now represented the farm, and set them to work with pick and crowbar to level the one corner of the house which was still standing and the stone walls of a kraal. He then ran down to the river and found the sapper bailing water out of a very crazy boat. On the seat in the stern was the gun-cotton, detonator, and a short piece of fuse. As he tumbled into the boat and shoved off, Holt noticed the scanty length of the latter.

"Good Lord, Stimson! That all the safety?"

"All that's left, sir."

Quite gravely the subaltern whistled the eight notes usually associated with

that vulgar refrain, "Goin' to the ball this evenin'?" And inappropriate as this sentiment may appear to the ultra-refined, to the less cultured soldier present it expressed the situation to a nicety. Seizing the hauling-rope, he whistled the reply under his breath. As the water-logged boat nosed its sodden way across the river it became quite evident that the enemy had got to the left more than a bit, for several bullets hummed overhead, and one or two dived into the stream with a "phuit." But there was serious work toward; and, feet in six inches of bilge, Holt was kept fully employed connecting up his charge. When he jumped ashore he was carrying the gun-cotton ready primed and lashed together in one hand, and in the other a poisonous-looking red detonator with the length of fuse dangling from it.

"You wait here till I come back," he said to Stimson. "If I don't appear by the time the thing poops off, give me one minute and then get back to the detachment. See?"

"Yes, sir."

"Better get behind that hump—there are a good many stray bullets flying about now. Hold on. Just pat my pockets first. Feel a matchbox?"

"No, sir."

"Thought so. Must have left it in the farm. Got yours?"

Stimson produced his own box of fusees.

"How many in it?"

"Six, sir."

"Right. Don't finger them with your wet hands, man! Put 'em in my pocket."

Holt then ran up the diagonal path, and Sapper Stimson, rifle by his side, curled down in a depression in the bank, and after wiping the slime off his hands proceeded to try and entice a splinter from his thumb with his teeth. He had not even got a grip on

the intruder when he was interrupted by a whistle from the far bank, and an excited man in shirt and khaki breeches shouted out to him to bring the boat over. Now Stimson was not Bastow. He was a stolid man. He had got categorical orders and was not going to disobey them, and he said so distinctly and loudly. And he was not going to leave the boat to run up the bank and give Holt a message either. Even when his interlocutor explained with some emphasis that he was Lieutenant Digby of the —th Dragoons, though bound to accept the statement, he remained obdurate. As he muttered to himself, "He was not going to leave his own officer in the soup, not for the whole blooming cavalry division." Without more ado the stranger stripped off the few garments he was wearing, and for the second time breasted the flood.

Somewhat surprised, and not quite knowing what was to happen, but feeling that he would be "on the mat" whatever he did, Sapper Stimson continued philosophically to chase the offending splinter. Succeeding in extracting it he spat viciously, muttered "Ikona! Not much," and awaited developments.

Meanwhile, after some delay caused by the necessity for re-tying a gun-cotton slab which had slipped and fallen, Holt had reached the house. As reported, it was small, and about fifty yards from the river-bank. He approached it from the rear, which was the sheltered side, and found the back door open. This led on to a passage which ran straight through the house to the front door, which was shut. On each side of the passage were two doors. On the right, between the pair of doors on that side, stood a harmonium, and on top of it was a bookcase. Rushing in, Holt laid down his charge on top of the harmonium and peeped into the two back rooms.

They were empty and almost bare, and he shut the doors. The central passage was evidently the place—the musical instrument might have been put there especially to suit his fell design—and he wasted no more time in searching. Drawing the harmonium about eight inches away from the wall, he placed his gun-cotton in the intervening space and pushed the harmonium back tight up against it. He then packed the charge on top and behind with some books—in his hurry unconsciously using the heavy leather-bound family Bible,—slipped the detonator into the primer, lit the fuse, and, carefully shutting the back door behind him, ran as hard as he could.

Half way down the slope he collided with a dripping wet, naked man who was limping and stumbling upwards.

"Hullo, Digby! What the——?"

"Lul—lighted the charge?" gasped the new comer.

"Yes, fizin' now. Come on back. No time to lose."

"But where's the old buster?"

"What old buster?"

"Why, the old Dud—Dutchman—and the kid in the house?"

"Good God! In that house?"

"Yes, yes!" screamed Digby, and began to run on.

"Stop!" said Holt. "I'll go."

"No; I'll——"

"You won't. You fool! I know where the charge is placed and how much time there is." With that, Holt, who was far the heavier, gave the dragoon a hand-off, which sent him sprawling, and turned to run. Digby rolled for a few feet, his wet body picking up sand as he went, and was then caught in a thorn bush. Sapper Stimson watching from below chuckled, for though the naked man had not exactly popped over to have a chat, he had spoken a few kind words to the sapper as he hobbled over the sharp stones at the foot of the bank. By



this time Holt was disappearing back over the edge; and the defeated one did his best to help.

"Right front room!" he yelled.

Holt put up his hand. As he ran on he at first wondered why the Major had not told him about this. He then blessed the bad knot which had caused a slab to fall and so delayed his last journey from the river. But these points did not long claim his attention. His thoughts turned to the miserable little piece of shiny black cord he had last seen spitting fire on to the varnished surface of a walnut-wood harmonium-case. And he could not help making a lightning but futile calculation, based on the distance between the house and the spot where he had turned back, and the time in which he had once won the "Under Fifteen" hundred yards. The infernal thing was burning all right; he could see the thread of smoke trickling up the door-frame.

Throwing open the back door, he rushed straight down the passage to the front door, opened that, and burst into the room on the right.

In the centre of the room was a table upon which stood some crockery and the remains of a meal, and on the far side of the table, facing the stove, was an arm-chair. Above the back of the chair trembled and nodded a grey slouch hat with a rusty crape-band round the crown. A small boy of about six was sitting on the floor, close to the door. He was playing with a regulation mess-tin, and on his head was a British soldier's helmet.

"Jij moet nie bang wees nie," shouted Holt, as he seized the surprised child, who, startled at being whisked off the ground by some unseen force, and not at all reassured by its efforts to speak the *Taal*, at once let out a yell of terror. Heaving the table into the corner of the room with his

1 You must not be afraid.

thigh, Holt darted across to the chair and dumped the child on the top of an old man seated in it. Then, with the caution "Hou vas!" he steadied the two occupants with one arm, tipped the chair slightly back, and dragged the yelling, creaking mass across the floor, out of the room, over the lintel of the front door and down on to the ground outside. The child shrieked all the more at sight of his captor, and severely belabored the old man, who was too astonished or winded to do more than gurgle.

The breathless Holt continued his retrograde movement across the apology for a garden. About thirty yards from the house the remains of a wire-fence lying on the ground acted as a trip, and, rather luckily for the three, suddenly cut short their wild career. Holt tumbled backwards, the chair over his legs, the old man on his chest and the child across his face.

At that instant there was a concussion which jarred the interior economy of the three lying so close. Unfortunately for science the sapper subaltern was prevented by circumstances from studying the effect of his work from a nearer point of view than any he had ever occupied before. First the flat roof of the house rose gently a couple of feet into the air; then the walls quivered and dissolved into their components; lastly, the roof sat down squarely upon the ruins with a flop, propelling outwards in every direction a mighty puff of dust, as does a lexicon dropped on to an unswept floor. Its fall revealed a secret, for there arose an appalling cackle, and amidst the *débris* which rained down from the cloud of white dust and grey smoke descended a shower of fowls. Some sailed down, wings flapping, and ran hither and thither with hideous clamor; others fell with a heavy thud, inert and limp.

2 Hold tight!

The shock of the explosion silenced the boy's cries for the moment. But, freed from his weight and Holt's constricting clutch, the rattled old man was galvanized into what might have been either a fit of coughing or a stream of guttural exclamations of surprise and terror. Both had rolled clear of their deliverer. Nevertheless, Holt still lay prone, half-stunned and thoroughly winded. When he raised himself on his elbows, dazed, and coughing in the choking air, he saw sitting up, facing him, a strange, hairy old man and a boy. The air was thick with feathers; near-by lay two dead birds; whilst others still full of life were racing round in a circle, hypnotized. As he gazed, a belated fowl's leg—which had evidently made a long journey—hit him on the cheek, and an angry cock crowed at him.

The anti-climax was too sudden. He began to chuckle feebly. And when, limping up through the murk, there appeared a naked, dust-smeared man, who stooped down every few strides to collect a dead bird, he rocked with laughter in spite of his bruised and aching body. It was not until Digby had picked him up, shaken him, and used much strong language, that he began faintly to appreciate the situation. He then seized the boy by the hand, and between them the two officers half-supported, half-forced the old Boer towards the bank, their progress in the direction of shelter hastened by the frequency of certain humming noises in the air.

It was not very long before the worthy Stimson was hauling the boat back across the river. He was greatly relieved by Holt's safe return, but still somewhat sore at the verbal castigation he had received from the naked and dirty robber of hen-roosts now sitting by a heap of poultry in the bows.

Amongst the birds was the child, who had recovered from the shock

sufficiently to recommence howling. Aft, sitting next Holt, was the old Boer, now querulous. Holt sat silent, thoughtful, and puzzled, his aching head between his hands. For him the last twenty minutes had been somewhat crowded with incident, and he was still trying to collect his wits, scattered by the fall. From the bows the shivering dragoon regarded the pair of human beings who had just been saved, one near the end of his life, the other at the threshold. And he mused on the strangeness of the chance which had led him to discover from a casual remark of the Major's that Holt had not been informed of their presence in the house. He was deeply grateful. He was not ungrateful also that the old Boer had been so cunning as to keep his poultry on the roof.

"Wat het jij met mij huisraad en mij Serapheln gemaak?" bleated the latter for the fifth or sixth time.

The reiteration of this sentence changed Digby's feeling of thankfulness to one of annoyance.

"W-what's the old fool making such a song and dance about now?" he asked. "He feeds me. I wish he'd shut up growling." As he spoke he crossed one bleeding foot over his knee and tried to pick out some of the sharp-pointed pieces of grit sticking into the sole.

Holt looked up and listened to the next repetition of the sentence.

"Oh, he's mad—talking out of the back of his neck. Wants to know what we've done with some furniture and a harmonium!"

"Schelms!" wheezed the old fellow.

"Ja, Schelms!" echoed a shrill voice. "Wat het jij met mij Serapheln gemaak?" and as the small speaker hit the nearest of his brutal preservers in the face with the blood-stained carcase of a pullet, he added, "Verdoimde Karkl!"

By now the sounds of battle had

grown more distinct; and while this dead fowl the unseen messengers of chip if the old block fought for his his compatriots sighed and wailed grandfather's household gods with a overhead.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Ole Luk-Oie.

### ALFRED LYTTELTON.

When a statesman dies before he has reached the allotted span of life, men speak of the blow to the country, regret work unfinished, or deplore the absence of a stalwart fighter, but save to his friends and family the loss is not poignant. Others, perhaps of lesser quality, but of the same type, are ready to take his place in the ranks. But the death of Alfred Lyttelton in the very prime of his strength deprives the world of a figure so rare and well-beloved that whole masses of men who never knew him feel the loss as a personal bereavement. He touched life at so many points that his mourners to-day are to be found in every class and occupation. In spite of prudential maxims to the contrary, Englishmen love versatility. They love to see a man do many things gracefully and well. They cannot rid themselves of a feeling that one who is a great sportsman must have gifts of courage and humanity denied to the pedant, and though they may give their political allegiance elsewhere, they will have a kindly feeling for a statesman who has approved himself in things more dear than statesmanship to the heart of the natural man. In an age of specialization they will applaud those who have the fortitude to run counter to the fashion. The good fairies at his birth gave Alfred Lyttelton every gift of body and spirit—physical strength and grace, an excellent brain, the sweetest of tempers and the warmest of hearts, a high courage, an undying optimism, a delight in all honest and simple things. He put the gifts out to

usury and nobly multiplied them. He was always, as the phrase goes, "in training," both in mind and body, so that he became to many of us the type of what, by the grace of God, the English gentleman at his best may attain to. The Prime Minister, with his unique felicity, gave expression to this feeling in the House of Commons when he said that "perhaps of all men of this generation he came nearest to that mould and ideal of manhood which every English father would like to see his son aspire to."

To Etonians his name has long been one to conjure with, for no one ever won such amazing triumphs. He was the complete athlete, easily master of every game he took up, and such an one at school and at the University is a sort of demigod. To recapitulate his exploits makes the head dizzy. He captained the Eton and Cambridge cricket elevens; for England he played cricket against Australia, and Association football against Scotland; he had five "blues" at Cambridge. On going down from the University he won fame as a tennis player, and was twelve times amateur champion. No amateur player has ever reached his perfection in all parts of that great game. As he grew older and ordinary ball games had to be left behind, he took up golf enthusiastically, though he came to it too late to reach the highest kind of skill. He was a first-class shot, both with gun and rifle, and an untiring trampster of the hills. But far more important than his actual achievements was the spirit he brought

to his sports. The great athlete may be a selfish, bumptious fellow, and he very frequently is a bore. Alfred Lyttelton played games with all the zest in the world, but for him they fell into their proper place in the scheme of things. He learned from them that *camaraderie* and loyalty and good temper which is the essence of true sportsmanship. And they made a background, too, from which in the intervals of drearier business he drew refreshment and new energy. The boy that dies young in most of us was immortal in him. Who can forget the ardor with which he contemplated a day's stalking or grouse-driving, his never-failing "keenness" in any adventure? Only the other day, on his return from East Africa, he described to his friends the shooting of a fine lioness—with a small-bore rifle—with all a boy's delight in a risky escapade.

For a famous University athlete to descend into the obscurity of professional life is often a trying experience, but his interests were far too wide and his spirit too high to give occasion for regrets. He began work at the Bar under fortunate auspices, for he acted for some years as legal private secretary to Sir Henry James, then Attorney-General, who to the end was one of his closest friends, and whose biography he had recently undertaken. His first big success was made at the Parliamentary Bar, which he abandoned when he entered Parliament in 1895. Thereafter he had begun to build up a good common-law practice, more especially in arbitrations, but his acceptance of office in 1903 removed him from the main line of professional advance. He was a capable advocate, with a gift of lucid exposition and a strong good-sense, the effect of which was heightened by the charm of his personality. But for such a man politics offered a more tempting career, and from 1895 onward he devoted much of

his time to Parliament. His athletic reputation was probably rather a hindrance at the start, for it gave the stupider kind of opponent the chance to suggest that the honorable member might be more at home in the cricket field. He had none of the natural gifts of the orator, and, indeed, to the end eschewed what is ordinarily called eloquence, preferring persuasion and argument to rhetoric. Being the most modest of men, he set himself humbly to learn his business, and soon succeeded in winning the ear of the House, and a wide popularity besides among men of all parties. In 1900 he went to South Africa as Chairman of the Concessions Commission, and those who have had to study his report will not soon forget its admirable sanity and the humor which brightens many passages. In 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain retired from the Colonial Office and Lord Milner declined the appointment, he was offered the post by Mr. Balfour. It was a rapid rise for a man who had never held office before, and the Colonial Office at that time was the storm-centre of politics. Few will deny that Alfred Lyttelton justified his choice. He manfully faced the heavy task of South African reconstruction and the popular odium of the Chinese labor experiment, and he gave to the sorely tried High Commissioner the loyal and unfaltering support which is due by the Imperial Government to its emissaries abroad. He dealt with the vexed question of self-government in the Transvaal by granting what is known as the "Lyttelton Constitution," a system of representative institutions which fell short of full responsible government. It was intended as a step towards autonomy, a temporary measure to bridge the transition from Crown colony government. The system never came into force, owing to the fall of Mr. Balfour from power, but in other departments of Imperial



politics Alfred Lyttelton did lasting work. His famous despatch of April 20th, 1905, suggesting the development of the Colonial Conference into an Imperial Council, has provided in effect the basis for recent developments of our common Imperial machinery, and his work in connection with the tropical dependencies, more especially West Africa, has been adopted and amplified by his successors.

He had to face some stormy scenes during his term of office, and on one occasion for more than an hour he addressed an Opposition which had made up its mind to shout him down. But the rough-and-tumble of politics neither soured nor narrowed him. He was a good fighter, firmly convinced of the justice of his cause, but he never believed that to dissent from him in opinion involved the lunacy or the moral obliquity of the dissenter. No man showed less bitterness in party warfare. He was no mugwump, and the integrity of the Union and the Church had no stouter defender, but he could recognize the honesty of an opponent, and he never allowed public enmity to sever private friendships. Mr. Asquith could speak of a friendship of thirty-three years, "which no political differences were ever allowed to loosen or even to affect." He had begun life on the other side, and he used to say that the most terrifying moment of his career was when he had to tell Mr. Gladstone that he could not follow him on Home Rule. His mind was of the Whig cast, warmed and broadened by the early influence of Maurice and Ruskin. From the beginning of his life in London he interested himself in social work, and took a foremost part in those practical schemes of reform which are still, happily, outside the blighting sphere of party propaganda. Town-planning, the co-operative movement, the preven-

tion of sweating—no honest cause was denied his interest and support. His friends and colleagues were in all parties, for he cared little for the political game and much for his country.

He did all things well, many things brilliantly, but he was bigger than what he did. That is the tragedy of his loss. Others may take up his tasks, but such a personality comes not again. He was of the tribe of the Sons of Consolation, always busy helping lame dogs over stiles, ever ready with advice and help, giving of his rich humanity to needy and shivering souls. His enthusiasm warmed the world for his friends, and it is a grayer and poorer place since he has gone. It will not be easy to forget the cheery greeting which was almost a caress, the infectious laugh, the whole impression as of a being extraordinarily good and happy and wise. He was the loyalist of friends and the best of companions. The charm of his talk would be hard to exaggerate, for there was never a falsetto note. He would debate keenly, for he loved an argument, and he had an endless fund of good stories and happy reminiscences, which he would reproduce with perfect imitations of voice and manner. And over all there was a kind of glow, that intimate and inexplicable charm which comes not from the head but from the heart. His friends will cherish the memory of the long, loose, manly figure, the eager face, the judicial pent-house brows beneath which twinkled his boyish eyes. No kinder eyes have ever been sealed by the dust of death. It is some small consolation to reflect that these splendid powers of his suffered no decay. He died young in the truest sense, carrying to the grave untarnished and unimpaired the honor and ardor and hope of his youth. For him the best epitaph is to be found in the words of one who also died in the plenitude of his strength—"Death has



not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mal-

*The Spectator.*

let and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

## THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON AGRICULTURAL ORGANIZATION.

The time of year is in some ways unfortunate for the visit of the American Commission on Agricultural Organization to this country. This is with us a season of many preoccupations, when time is scarce with most of us and "space" with the Press. It is therefore more than likely that the Commission may receive less attention from the general public and the newspapers than it ought to attract. It is to be feared that the object of its inquiry is still but vaguely understood in England. Nevertheless the visit of more than a hundred Commissioners, representing every State in the American Union and three Provinces of Canada, to Europe in order to study the new rural civilization and rural economics of the older world is an event of remarkable interest and of the deepest importance to this country. The full import of the Commission's investigation has been well put by that brilliant writer on rural development, Mr. George Russell:—

It is [he writes] a very remarkable inquiry. It is a search for a new basis of their civilization. The genius of Alexander Hamilton had already supplied America with a political organization which was so powerful a moulder of national unity that half a century or so after he had induced an unwilling union between the States, millions of men were found ready to die to prevent the breaking up of that union. But what America has never discovered is the fundamental idea which should be applied to the organi-

zation of society. Hitherto individualism has run riot in economics. Every man has been for himself. Everybody has been so Americanly independent and high-spirited that America may be said to be the country of personalities par excellence. Its civilization has been individualistic. It exulted in being the country of free men. The individual was allowed the greatest possible freedom to develop, and as a natural result the most powerful personalities in industry have secured control over a great part of the wealth of the United States. It has been stated that some fifty men between them control three-quarters of its industrial activities. No nation can dispense with organization in its social and economic life, and if the people are not already inspired by some ideal to which all voluntary effort tends, then the organization of industry will be imposed on them from above by the great captains of finance, and for a quarter of a century we have heard rumors in Europe of a discontent in America with the operations of their great industrial organizations or trusts. The workers in agriculture have suffered as much as any people from the lack of democratic organizations for production, distribution, and finance controlled by the farmers, and agriculture is the greatest of human industries, the foundation of national wealth, and America has come to realize that in this respect the Old World is far ahead of it.

Mr. Russell's wish for the Commissioners is that they may "come back from the Old World with a wisdom which will enable them to create the

democratic forms which will be the right expression of the democratic spirit." This may sound tall talk in connection with an investigation confined to a particular method of doing the commercial business arising out of a single industry. It will undoubtedly seem so to those who have given no thought to the country-life movement which is fermenting throughout the civilized world. But if the essential character of rural industry both as the source of wealth and the source of health be considered, it may perhaps be realized how truly it is the basis of civilization; how its decay may involve the destruction, and its resuscitation effect the salvation of society; how its organization may well be the first essential step towards a better social order for every human community.

It is this view of the country-life movement which has impressed the greatest thinkers of America, though it has been missed in this country at any rate by the leaders of political thought who chiefly fill the public eye. Mr. Roosevelt has written of the task of the Commission as being to deal with "what is probably the most vital need of this country." Dr. Woodrow Wilson and Mr. Taft have publicly expressed equally high estimates of its function and value. Co-operation, which is the basic principle of the country-life movement, has for that reason been regarded in America as a subject of research worthy of university endowment and the professorial chair.

To us, and particularly to Irishmen, it should be a source of gratification that American thought has been turned towards the new rural economics by one who is a British subject and an Irish patriot. Sir Horace Plunkett, who in his earlier life resided for ten years in the United States and usually spends a short holiday there every

year, might justly claim that the Commission is a result of suggestions offered by him to Mr. Roosevelt and other American friends. The instructions to the Commissioners are practically identical with a scheme of inquiry suggested in his book, *The Rural Life Problem of the United States*. He was consulted by those who originated the Commission on the scheme of its work, as well as by the President and the two ex-Presidents who have shown such a deep interest in it. It is known that his assistance has been invited in adapting to American conditions the principles he has so successfully applied in his own country. It may be that the recognition which his life's work has received from a foreign though kindred nation will lead to the better appreciation of that work by those under whose eyes it has been done.

The Commission has been visiting the various Continental countries in which agricultural co-operation has made progress. Naturally the greater part of the days which are being devoted to the United Kingdom will be spent in Ireland, which can claim to be the first of English-speaking countries to adopt the new system. It is only in Ireland that the complete mechanism of rural development as adapted by Sir Horace Plunkett from Continental models can be studied. For it must be remembered that the Irish Department of Agriculture, with its peculiar constitution, is a part of that mechanism and Sir Horace's creation no less than the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. Perhaps the chief service which Sir Horace has rendered to the cause he has made his own has been the study of the co-operative institutions which have struggled into existence in many lands in spite of mistakes, opposition, and misapplied encouragement, his deduction therefrom of a system, and his

differentiation between the functions than in Great Britain, though the which can be performed by State forms adopted are not always the agency and those which can only be best. In the circumstances it is satisfactory to find that Canadians are willing to study other forms. There is probably no force which would stimulate agricultural development in the Dominions so effectually as genuine co-operation inspired by the spirit which has been called into existence by its introduction into Ireland. It is impossible not to regret that the other Dominions did not follow the example of Canada and take part in the inquiry. It is to be hoped that they will follow it carefully and derive from it as much advantage as if they had shared in its labor.

No fewer than thirty of those who are graded either as "Members" or "Associate Members" of the Commission are ladies. Their presence will doubtless insure a full study of the organization known as the United Irishwomen, a faithful ally of the Organization Society, concerning itself with those departments of rural industry which belong to woman's province and with the social development which is not less essential to rural progress than improved farming and better methods of business. This woman's wing of the Irish movement has been scarcely three years in existence and has not yet attained to full strength and stature; but its system has been so well thought out, its extension throughout Ireland so carefully organized, and its appeal so successful that its efficiency and future growth are assured.

Nothing connected with the Commission is more pleasing than the presence of representatives of Canada. The proposal for a Commission or Committee of Inquiry being unofficial, the Premier of Saskatchewan, the Hon. Walter Scott, asked leave to nominate two delegates from his province to follow the inquiry. Not only was this agreed to, but the Canadians nominated have been accorded the same status as the American members, and, other provinces of Canada desiring to be represented, the number of Canadians has been increased to seven, one, an "associate member," being a lady. It is probably not generally known that agricultural co-operation has taken root in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and is in fact already farther advanced in these Dominions

But it may be that the most important result of American interest in co-operative development so far as we are concerned will be found in its effect on British thought. It has always been Sir Horace Plunkett's contention—and indeed the point has been proved and is no longer disputed—that the neglect of country life has, owing to causes to be found in their history during the last century, become characteristic of English-speaking peoples. It has been his repeated suggestion that those people should combine to overcome this fatal tendency. Such a combination has actually taken place in the co-operation of the United States and Canada. There can be little doubt that the chief obstacle to fuller co-operation between America and the British Empire as a whole is the extraordinary slowness of this country to grasp either the importance of the country-life movement as a factor in the world's progress or its value as a force for promoting the development of the material resources of the Empire. Anything which will move thought in England on a subject of such vast importance both to the people of this country and to the future of our race on four continents will

render us an inestimable service. Perhaps, by a sort of reflex influence, the work of the American Commission and the action which it is understood is to follow it may accomplish what the efforts of our own rural reformers have been unable to effect. It seems that we are on the eve of some new and important departure in land policy. There are no three things more certain than that no land policy can prove successful without an ade-

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quate agricultural policy; that an agricultural policy must in these days begin with co-operative organization; and that this first step must be taken by the agricultural community itself, inspired to action, if necessary, by a voluntary and self-governed propagandist body consisting, to begin with, of those agriculturists and agriculturists' friends who understand what is required, and including, as it makes headway, all who accept its teaching

Patrick Perterras.

## THE SEASON.

(To a Débutante.)

A few short weeks wherein to dine,  
To dance, to flirt, to laugh, to shine

Like some new star;

To wear gay gowns and strange-dressed hair  
And hats that makè the people stare

Or say we are

Original, as it may be—

Yes, that, my dear, for you and me

The Season means;

But for the girls who shape our frocks,  
Our headgear (and maybe, our locks)—

Some in their teens

Perhaps, as we—the Season holds

Quite other things. Tucks, hems and folds,

Gauze, silk and lace

They wield for us with close-eyed care,

White-faced and worn, so we be fair

And take our "place";

The weeks drag slow for such as these

Whose backs are bent that we may please.

For us to stitch,

Their fingers fly or else their wheels;

Their very dreams build cotton-reels!

Time's Hurry-Witch

Pursues them with her beating-broom

And cares not for their fading bloom.

Toll, toll, my dear,

The Season spells for poorer maids.

While we, in Fashion's jocund glades,

Have but one fear—

Lest, as we flit from flower to flower,  
Our honey will at last turn sour!  
So, should we not  
Remember, now we both are "out,"  
When we (for trifles) pine and pout,  
Or moan our lot,  
That there are maidens still more sad  
Who, were they bidden, would be glad  
Within our shoes  
To step, to flirt, to dance, to dine,  
Willing, as we, like stars to shine,  
To pick and choose  
How they each rosy day shall spend  
And dream that rose-days never end?

Punch.

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### THE QUALITY OF CURRENT FICTION.

The two thousand British writers of fiction competing for fame and fortune are annually recruited by some hundreds of new comers, who more than fill up gaps in the ranks. Perhaps one in twenty of the novels published every year has a claim to serious consideration; but, unfortunately, works of fine reticence and quality are apt to be smothered and lost sight of in the popular stream. The critic, trying to survey the ground, is reminded of a pattern English landscape, intersected by numerous small fields and hedgerows. The cautious individualism of the English mind, temperamentally conservative, restricted by the barriers of class, while indicating this or that growing change in social outlook, seems to restrain our novelists from recognizing or analyzing "movements," or even from fertilizing the public mind by the ventilation of new ideas. Mr. Wells is almost the only novelist we possess who dares to generalize boldly and examine the meaning of modern problems in Society's life. He breaks through the hedges and ditches of conventional beliefs and assumptions, and contrives to

exhibit his characters as typical products bred by their environment, and his last novel, "Marriage," offers a fine stretch of pasture for middle-class browsing. But one longs for a novelist to arise with the breadth of national and intellectual horizons of M. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe." The fact is that the Englishman's practical genius for compromising, and his habit of doing things and not thinking about them, vells fundamental issues. Like coalminers, each novelist works valiantly with his own pick and shovel in a circumscribed area, but nobody today possesses even Thackeray's grasp and reach for depicting the life of a great section of the mine. Mr. Arnold Bennett, by seizing the significance of the rise of the manufacturing moneyed class by two generations' "luck or cunning," is perhaps the only novelist who has got depth of national background into his pictures and leaving provincial life aside, the matter of social origins, which is made so profoundly interesting by the French realists, from Balzac to Maupassant, becomes yearly more confusing in our society, where the upper class marries



for money and the professional man is the son of the thriving tradesman. Money and appearances, plus a little polite education, make "a gentleman" to-day, and the extraordinary variety of types and the diversity of family history might embarrass a Balzac, and reduce an Anthony Trollope to a sense of inadequacy in determining what figures are really representative of their class, and typical of social currents.

So it comes about that our novelists less and less see the wood for the trees, and that they tend more and more to paint aspects of the small field before them, and not the features of the landscape. We have increasing conflicts between capital and industry, but no writer (if we except Mr. Galsworthy in "Strife") draws a typical picture of the relations between the capitalist and the factory hands, far less of the industrial system as it moulds the town dweller. We have "a woman movement," but scarcely a writer who has dissected the dislocation implicit in the 'independent woman's' life. Something in our misty atmosphere, opposed to the clear air of Paris, tends to blur the mental outlines and confuse the spiritual contours: our materialism is veiled by our idealism, our "seriousness" is affronted by sharp wit or true profundity. Mr. W. L. George, in "The City of Light," can draw sharply and clearly the features of the French *dot* system, but we very much doubt whether he could disentangle, in a companion picture, the skein of mental evasions of an English Mrs. Grundy. For incisive justness of insight, Miss Amber Reeves's mordant sketch, "The Reward of Virtue," of the mating of a middle-class girl with a typically mediocre and featureless "City man" must be singled out for special praise, and equally clever in its feminine wit was Mrs. Lever-son's handling, in "Tenterhooks," of a

merciless portrait of masculine fatuity. The Baroness von Hutten in "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation" contrived with great dexterity to limn those volatile inclinations of "the eternal feminine," without incurring the wrathful stare of the British matron. In "Dying Fires," Mr. Allan Monkhouse dissected with unflinching exactitude a situation of domestic tragi-comedy. His ironical mining and counter-mining opened a breach in the great fortress of the life conventional, and, as such, his story is a useful corrective to Miss S. Mac-naughton's charming "Four Chimneys," a typical idyll of English country life, where both hero and heroine sacrifice love to the exigencies of family duty. One may hope that one of the ablest of our women authors, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose striking novel "Tante" showed a marked advance in emotional depth, may shed the last remnants of her idealistic tendency, and give free rein to her psychological powers. Her stories in "The Nest" contained some delicious satire on her sex. Miss Sinclair in "The Combined Maze," demonstrated that she had shaken off her slight, besetting obsession concerning the supremacy of the literary life; no one, in fact, is better fitted than she to hold up the unflattering glass to the little coteries in Chelsea and Kensington, where lions and minor poets and journalists foregather over the teacups. As to social pictures which open up new vistas, or focus modern people at new angles, in default of a new novel by Mr. Galsworthy, we may mention Mr. Charles Marriott, whose refined heroes' eyes are always fixed on mental horizons invisible to the Philistine. His story, "The Catfish," was perhaps a trifle fine-spun in its analysis of the influences that determine the course of a man's life, but we always look to Mr. Marriott for the stimulus of novel trains of thought. Mr. J. D. Beres-

ford, in "A Candidate for Truth," stood on the firm ground of fact, and his mordant etching of the Hon. and Rev. Cecil Barker was a noteworthy addition to the clerical portrait gallery. In his last story, "The Goslings," the author has taken a blank leaf from Mr. Wells's book, but he inscribes it with picturesque characters of his own imaginative devising. Mr. Gilbert Cannan, whose "Little Brother" was too formless to convince as art, has found himself in "Round the Corner," a very clever indictment of the social muddle that Victorian optimism and self-righteousness have bequeathed to our generation. Mr. J. P. Cameron Wilson, a newcomer, has showed courage and insight in his novel of East-end life, "The Friendly Enemy." Though Mr. Edwin Pugh and others have blazed intercrossing trails in the industrial jungle, we really know very little about vast, unexplored tracts, and the morals and manners of its inhabitants. The working-class democracy is still without any spokesman of real talent in fiction, though Mr. Stephen Reynolds, in "How 'Twas," continues his realistic sketches of his fishermen friends on the South Devon coast, and Mr. Pett Ridge is indefatigable in chronicling the humorous energies of lower middle-class urban types. Mr. J. E. Patterson, in his vigorous, rather crude style, has enlightened us about the atmosphere of Essex shore life and of the Grimsby trawlers, but in "The Story of Stephen Compton" he has failed to stick to his last. In "Sincerity" Mr. Warwick Deeping has dealt conscientiously with some typical figures in the struggle for social reform in a provincial centre, but more breadth of scale is demanded for the portrayal of conflicting class interests in the social drama. Nor does "Where Are You Going To?" do justice to the brilliant talent of Miss Elizabeth Robins, whose temptation has always

been to paint in her picturesque, striking scenes with journalistic bitumen.

"Mark Rutherford's" lamented death brings home to us how rarely any of our novelists treat with distinction or spiritual sincerity the life of religious emotion. His only successor of talent would appear to be Mrs. Gertrude Bone, whose homely canvas in "Women of the Country" and "Children's Children," though narrow in scope, is finished with exquisite precision. The novel "of local color" is apparently moribund, though Mr. Eden Phillpotts, true to his programme, has lately put forth his twentieth volume, which is one of the best of his delineations of the Dartmoor people. Mr. Maurice Hewlett's last essay in the Meredithian manner, "Mrs. Lancelot," though clever in its profiles and silhouettes of aristocratic manners in the days of the Great Reform Bill, carried his style of perfervid affectations to a perilous pitch. The novel of delight in nature has been developed in the direction of fantasy by Mr. Algernon Blackwood, whose blending of the natural and supernatural in "Jimbo" and "The Centaur" is highly original, but the author is perhaps too prone to sacrifice poetical simplicity to our public's desire for "something to happen." Romance loses by the death of Richard Middleton a talent no less poetical in its power over dream moods, and perhaps more artistic in its restraint and balance, than is Mr. Blackwood's. But in point of imaginative alchemy, in its transfusion of the elements of humor, satire, allegory, and realism, into a charming amalgam of poetry and prose, Mr. James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold" must be accorded precedence.

Turning to the psychological novel, Mr. Joseph Conrad, in "Twixt Land and Sea," has shown yet again he is a past master in creating magical ef-

fects of tragic and sombre beauty out of daily life's most ordinary mirage. He has the secret of the great Russian novelists' high poetic realism, and nobody can approach him in weaving the warp of reality with the woof of romance. It is disappointing that Mr. Percival Gibbon should not have followed up his "Margaret Harding" by another convincing study of the relations of the black man and the white in the Dark Continent; his "Adventures of Miss Gregory" is too obviously a concession to the taste of magazine readers. Among recruits to the small band of story-tellers of native life overseas, we may single out Mr. Leonard Wolf's "The Village in the Jungle" for its touching record of struggle of a simple folk against the forces of nature. Sir Hugh Clifford, and a newcomer, Mrs. Bridget Mac-lagan, must be mentioned for the truthfulness of their descriptions of the East. Of special brilliancy and charm was Mr. H. De Vere Stackpoole's story of ancient Athenian life, "The Street of the Flute Player," though the historical novel seems doomed to languish, despite a charming story of Elizabethan Ireland, "The Wooing of Estercell" by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and Miss Marjorie Bowen's sustained efforts in her series of romances of the Dutch Republic.

But to return to exponents of the psychological novel proper, Mr. Oliver Onions must be named as standing by

himself in his dissection of a criminal's motives and self-exculpation, working under the strain and pressure of defensive vigilance. His "The Debit Account" was artistically an advance upon "In Accordance with the Evidence," and "The Story of Louie" is also clever, though over-detailed. Another psychological novel of much ability with a philosophic trend is "James Hurd" by Mr. Prowse, whose subtle probing of the moral problem of euthanasia shows the influence of Mr. Henry James. Miss Ethel Sidgwick's "Succession" continues her absorbing microscopic analysis of the family history of a youthful French musical genius; and excellent work by Mr. Frank Harris, Miss Sheila Kaye Smith, Mr. Compton MacKenzie, Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, Miss Violet Hunt, Mr. Grant Richards, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Miss M. P. Willcocks, Miss Letts, Mr. Richard Curle, Mr. H. A. Vachell, Mr. W. P. Maxwell, Mr. A. H. Holmes, "George A. Birmingham," and Mr. Maurice Drake must also be chronicled. Of the new original forces, Mr. H. D. Lawrence would appear to be the most considerable. One surmises that the younger generation, while growing impatient of the close and scrupulous observation of life that is the basis of the realistic novel, does not yet see its way back to romance, and Mr. Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude" illustrates its difficulty.

The Nation.

### TO THE POET LAUREATE.

Not clamor nor the buzzing of the crowd,  
Bridges, beset the lonely way you took;  
The mountain path, the laurel-shelter'd nook,  
The upland peak earth-hidden in a cloud.  
The skyey places—here your spirit proud  
Could meet its peers, the lowland rout forsook;  
Here were your palimpsest and singing-book,

Here scope and silence, singing-robes and shroud.  
 Let England learn of thee her ancient way,  
 Long time forgot: the glory of the swift  
 Is swiftness, not acclaim, and to the strong  
 The joy of battle battle's meed. Thy song  
 Will call no clearer, nor less surely lift  
 Our hearts to Beauty for thy crown of bay.

The Westminster Gazette.

Maurice Heiclett.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To their "Little Cousin Series" which is intended to give to young readers, through stories and character studies, a more vivid idea of conditions of life in different countries, L. C. Page & Co. have added "Our Little Austrian Cousin" by Florence E. Mendel, with half a dozen or more illustrations by Diantha Horne Marlowe. From the same publishers comes "Little Rhymer," a book of clever verses and amusing pictures by Nell Thornton; and "Jenny's Bird-House," by Lillie Fuller Merriam, a book for the youngest readers.

L. C. Page & Co. make two mid-summer additions to their books for young people. "Peggy Raymond's Vacation" by Harriet Lummis Smith, is the second volume in the "Friendly Terrace Series" and carries the four girls of the earlier story and several of their friends, suitably chaperoned, into a summer cottage for two months of diverting and sometimes exciting experiences. "The Pioneer Boys of the Mississippi," by Harrison Adams, is the third volume of the "Young Pioneer Series." There are hunting adventures, there are real Indians, and there are enough stirring experiences to hold the attention of the boy reader from the first page to the last. Both books are illustrated.

James C. Mills is the author, and John Phelps of Detroit is the publisher

of a volume on "Oliver Hazard Perry and the Battle of Lake Erie" which will serve a useful purpose, in this centennial year, in reviving the memory of the brave young commander who was the chief figure in that memorable and decisive battle. The author sketches the career of his subject both before and after the battle, but he devotes most of his space to a full and graphic narrative of the battle itself. He writes with spirit and enthusiasm and so vividly as to bring before the reader's eye every incident of the battle. The interest and value of the book are enhanced by the reproduction of several rare engravings, among them a picture of the battle and one of Perry transferring his flag to the *Niagara*. There is also a fine picture of the splendid memorial at Put-In Bay.

Has any statistician estimated the number of entirely different Irelands described by Irish authors since the days of "Castle Rackrent"? Has any author, Irish or otherwise, ever so described a single handbreath of Irish soil, without being told by more Irishmen than it pleased him to count that he was a teller of falsehoods, and that the truth was not in him? If such there be, assuredly the fairies danced around his cradle, four-leaved clovers spring up in his footsteps, and horse-shoes hang themselves over all his doors and windows. Nevertheless, the George H. Doran Company calls G. A.

Birmingham, known to a world of death and taxes as the Rev. O. Hannay, "the most racially typical of his present-day countrymen," and thus he is introduced to readers of his "The Adventures of Dr. Whitty." In this novel, he exposes the little weaknesses of Irish character and shows how easily a skillful hand may play upon them. His hero controls the priest and the parson of the little Connacht coast-town of his residence, and gently guides the two landholders of the place in the way in which they should go, by suggestions skillfully fitted to the chief weakness of each one of them, and artfully concealed by affected frankness and deference. Mr. Hannay leads him from victory to victory; and so manages that the climax is easy and natural, yet more Irish than the feats leading to it. A more cheerful group of tales has not been gathered for years, and it will be found an agreeable companion for a summer journey.

Since Stevenson's death and the following outburst of loving praise, it is not necessary to bid even the stupid to render homage to one who conquers his weak body, compelling it to allow him to reign happily in the Kingdom of his mind; but it is not always possible for spectators not to rebel against the fate of genius doomed to spend half its spiritual strength in fighting its physical weakness. For instance, here is "Stowe Notes; Letters and Verses," by Edward Martin Taber. The author was a New York artist who died when but thirty-three years of age, having spent the last third of his allotted time in the only climate tolerable to his lungs, the crystalline cold winters and temperate summers of Vermont. Here he worked with pencil and brush, here he read eagerly but critically, and wrote keenly, bravely, and with delightful independence. He

would have none of Ibsen, for example, in spite of the Ibsenites; he disliked the Hardy of "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure" although he had been pleased by "Far from the Madding Crowd;" he did not fulfil the duty of the good American to open his mouth and shut his eyes and thankfully accept whatever Howells and James might choose to give him; he had an opinion of his own as to Bret Harte and Meredith, and expressed it; and from all judiciously advertised vileness he turned with frank disgust. He made pictures of the Morgan horses beloved and cherished by Vermonters; he made sympathetic illustrations for Andersen and for "Cinderella"; he sketched the French Canadian and other quaint figures of the lumber camps. He perceived the possibilities of the lumber forest if properly and intelligently treated instead of being wastefully destroyed, and spared no pains to lay them before a friend. His "Stowe Notes," classified by months, make a vivid calendar; his note-books supply additional observations for four months. The records of his journeys in the South, in New York and in the Adirondacks show that his artist eye was always on the alert. His verses, which occupy the last fifteen pages of the volume, are proof that his critical faculty was sensitive when exercised upon his own productions. His canvases won the highest praise from competent judges; but the sentence in which he himself summed up his work is the best criticism of the man. During the week before his death, he wrote to his sister, "What a gift life was, not a right!" Evidently he did not feel the spectator's dissatisfaction. His editor "F. T. H." is only just when she writes "his character is an undying possession to those who knew him." This is a book for all who can properly appreciate a manly man. Houghton Mifflin Company.